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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The capital which the British Empire has been laying out on the Somme is already bringing in good interest. That is clear enough in the gradual fading away of the German onsets for Verdun, which had reached a dangerous phase, and now there is Roumania. Her entry into the war is a great event: and already all the chief passes of the East Carpathians are her passes! It had been long expected, of course, but it was wisely delayed until a most favouring time. The astonishing success of Russian arms in Austria, combined with the blows rained in by Great Britain at the advance on the Somme, has shown the wise men of Roumania that they can now strike without danger of the fate of Belgium and Serbia. Had Roumania struck earlier, her effort might have been largely wasted. It must, too, be borne in mind that she was not compelled in honour to strike earlier, as were both Belgium and Serbia. Hence it can be honestly said that in striking to-day Roumania acts with dignity and discretion equally.

Roumania, by choosing Austria for her first gallant assault, is also, we should say, acting wisely. Strategically and politically the Roumanians appear—so far as we may judge—to have placed their opening blows in the right spot. Actually how far Austria is spent we do not know. One must, of course, pay no attention to the cat-calls of those whose pet occupation, whether vocal or in print, is "killing Kruger with the mouth". They know and think nothing. But, setting aside such spouters, it is clear that Austria is a highly dangerous problem for Germany, and that now is the time to torture her all round.

Roumania, clearly, is a very cleverly directed nation, with the promise of a remarkable future. The French appeal to her greatly, and no wonder: there is a good deal in common between them. A good many of us at home, admiring her exploits during the last few days, have recalled the memories of our boyhood and

the great name of Plevna in the far away 'seventies—what a name of glamour! Roumania came on the scene then at the right moment, as she does now. Her fields will never yield another harvest to the enemy.

Last Monday King Ferdinand issued a fine proclamation worthy of the pietas of ancient Rome to the Roumanian nation. He spoke of "the day which has been awaited for centuries by the national conscience—the day of the union of all the branches of our nation". Recalling the glorious memories of Michael the Brave and Stephen the Great, he envisaged "a great and free Roumania from the Theiss to the Black Sea". To his Army the King gave an equally stirring message, calling them to victory in the name of their ancestors.

The decision of Roumania to join the Allies and the Russian advance across the Dobrudsha Delta are the end, some people are explaining, of all German dreams of domination in the British East; and that danger is past. But the truth is, such a danger never existed. At the time of the scare about the East last year we pointed out that there was not the least peril or the remotest chance of the Germans "marching to India" or attempting anything of the kind, for, if they did, it could only result in complete disaster to themselves. A little later Dr. Holland Rose, in an excellent paper, "The Lure of the East", which we printed, pointed out in effect the same thing. We have never had the slightest fear that Germany and her allies could achieve any success in this direction. The British East has been no more imperilled by German aggression than has the South Pole. To do the enemy justice, we do not believe that he has himself really been under any delusion in this matter. He hoped to frighten thoughtless people here, and to spread something of a scare about the East through Turkish attacks or feints on Egypt; but beyond that he had no working and practical plan.

There is a good deal of talk about diplomatically

"detaching" this or that Power from the enemy. But the best way of "detaching" Powers from the enemy is by **smashing them**, which falls well within the province of our splendid Allies, Russia and Roumania. It is wiser, far wiser in the long run, to smash treacherous nations and rulers than to "detach" them diplomatically in the midst of a war. By "detaching" a treacherous nation that went in with the enemy when the signs were all in his favour we might only succeed in the end in deeply offending an Ally. Detachment at this period when the war is all in our favour is considered by weak people who mistake shiftiness for cleverness.

Though fighting on the Somme has been hampered this week by heavy rain, some events have weakened the German position. On the evening of 27 August German counter-attacks were defeated west of Guillemont and in the Leipsic salient, south of Thiepval village, where troops of the Prussian Guard were roughly handled by the Wiltshire and Worcestershire troops. Meantime, north-west of Pozières, our men made an advance near Mouquet Farm, capturing 400 yards of trench on the Courcellette-Thiepval road; and last week-end saw other encroachments. North of Bazentin-le-Petit the Germans lost 200 yards of trench, and their hold on the ruins of Guillemont was threatened again by a loss of some ground north-west of Ginchy. Since then some minor enterprises in the rain have made headway south-east of Thiepval, and also on the right wing between the western outskirts of Guillemont and Ginchy. In the centre, south of Martinpuich, our line has been carried across a small salient. Our Allies on the Somme have been active mainly in artillery duels; and as for their ascendancy at Verdun, it has shown itself in a successful little push near Thiaumont and in the repulse of German attacks on Fleury. Both at Verdun and in Picardy a good many Germans are weary of the war. In the operation south of Martinpuich, for instance, 126 soldiers of a Bavarian regiment surrendered with great willingness, instead of trying to return to their lines.

Italy's contribution to the week's military news is her declaration of war against Germany, which became operative on 28 August. On her battle fronts she has held her own firmly, but no event of strategical importance has occurred. The Russians also have reported no development of a surprising nature, but Berlin speaks of vigorous artillery fighting along the whole front from the Dwinsk to Galicia. Our Allies are preparing for another great advance. Lechitsky's troops in the Carpathians carry out the plan of campaign, and soon they will hold all the heights overlooking Transylvania. West of Nadworna they have captured the village of Rafailowa, on Mount Pantyr, securing a front of from 16½ to 20 miles. What with Lechitsky's progress and the Rumanian onset, a great many German troops will be needed in Hungary. There is no confirmation of the Berlin report that German troops have stormed Mount Kukul, eight miles south-east of the Jablonica Pass.

As for the position at Salonika, Bulgarian troops seem to hold the Grecian coast line from the mouth of the Struma eastward to the mouth of Mesta, with Kavalla and Seres and Drama under their temporary control. On the left flank of the Allied lines the Bulgars have been pushed back by the Serbs. It is reported by the "Times" correspondent at Bukarest that grave unrest prevails in Bulgaria; the war is unpopular, partly because it has lasted too long and partly because the food supply has been exhausted by Germany's urgent needs. Events are working towards a climax. In a short time Russian troops will have passed through Rumania for the invasion of Bulgaria. Already they are in the Dobrudsha, which is Rumanian territory, and their welcome by the population is enthusiastic. Moreover, units of the

Russians have arrived at Constanza, where they will help the Rumanians to defend the Black Sea coasts.

Sir William Robertson made a deeply interesting and important statement on Tuesday at the banquet to the Commonwealth deputation. "We want", he said, "more men. We want all the men we can get. We want them not merely to win this war—we feel quite certain of that—but we want to win the peace. We want to win such a peace as will compensate us for the great sacrifices we have made." This is the policy of every great military authority and every statesman who counts; and it nobly expresses the absolute and unshakeable resolution, we are certain, of Britain and of Greater Britain to-day. A great and unexhausted Army, besides our invincible Fleet, is needed to win the peace and to lead the Settlement. It is close on two years ago since this was urged in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

A great sensation of the week has been supplied by the Kaiser's changes in his war administration. General von Falkenhayn—who "will be employed in another capacity"—has been superseded as Chief of the General Staff by Field-Marshal von Hindenburg; whilst Lieutenant-General Ludendorff is made First Quartermaster-General with the rank of General. This is the Imperial Order, and it is significant—it shows Germany recognising that the war has been going all awry for her of late, and that some rather savage changes must be made. Authority in Germany cannot hide this fact from its public any more than it can hide the fact that food and other commodities essential to civilised nations have become scarce and very costly. The supersession of General von Falkenhayn is thus welcome news indeed. It looks, moreover, as if the Kaiser and his circle might be seeking for scapegoats as a consolation for their ill success at Verdun and their general ill fortune of late, and also as a sop to the Cerberus of public depression.

But we doubt the use of writing off in advance anything that Germany under the new conditions can possibly do. The man in the street or the Tube often knows rather too much of the von Hindenburgs and von Falkenhayns and of the Ludendorffs and of the failure in advance of all their "tactics" to be convincing. It is proclaimed that von Hindenburg is only a popular idol; and, therefore, it is to be assumed with hilarity by all of us in this country—who, of course, have never had any popular idols—that he cannot do anything, that he will shortly be in flight. We are not impressed by this sort of line. But General Sir Alfred Turner's view—unfavourable to Hindenburg—does merit respect, for it is based on expert knowledge. The changes in question are a good and welcome sign because they indicate German unease and shaken confidence.

We hope it may not be pedantic to remark that when an Army Corps or an Army has been ten times "decimated" it ceases to exist. Presumably an exception to this rule may occur in the case of Austria-Hungary, which, we remember, was "decimated" many more times than ten in 1914 and in 1915, as well as "holocausted" in sundry rivers, and yet has survived till September 1916, as proved by the statement in some papers—indeed, in a good many papers, if one includes Continental ones—that her armies are being "mown down" to-day.

In this connection is there really any need to exaggerate the losses of the enemy at this time of day to, or past, the verge of buffoonery? Thanks to the exceedingly foolish estimates of gigantic German and Austrian losses—estimates sanctioned or encouraged by no official calculation we have ever seen—a large number of people in this country have fallen into errors about the British task and the Allies' task as a whole out of which it is impossible to extract

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them. They are bogged in extravagant figures which defy common sense and intelligence, and any mild suggestion that there is still a formidable force facing us on the West is apparently regarded as a sign of unpatriotic and disgraceful "pessimism" in the person who makes it. This incessant boasting about the complete carnages and decimations and holocausts of the enemy wherever he turns up is not only ridiculous, but, as we have insisted before, it is quite mischievous. It is regarded with contempt by the Army and Navy, and it can only encourage any munition makers who are inclined that way to grow slack. As for the casualty lists of the enemy, they are very heavy, and we have little doubt that when the Germans put their losses at not much over three million they are suppressing at least a million. But this is no excuse for writing and talking about the casualties of the enemy as if one were writing and talking of, say, the monthly cost of the war in pounds sterling. We mention this matter now because once again the habit—common enough in the earlier phases of the war—of grotesque exaggeration is rampant in some quarters.

Autumn and winter offer increased facilities for the attacks of Zeppelins, in view of which, doubtless, a more stringent lighting order came into force in the Metropolitan Police area yesterday. All external lights, public or private, must be extinguished except those the Commissioner directs to be retained for public safety. Internal lighting must be so reduced or shaded as to give no more than a dull light from the outside, and no part of the pavement or roadway or any building or object is to be illuminated. This "craves wary walking" from the Londoner, who will have to increase his powers of observation. Normally they are not large.

The Regulations of the New War Charities Act were issued on Monday with a memorandum on the effect of its provisions. An appeal against registration is allowed before the Charity Commissioners. Registered charities have to send duly audited accounts to the registration authority once every three months, and to get an account of receipts and expenditure from the promoters of the bazaars, entertainments, etc., by which they profit. The police have also now much wider powers of dealing with street collections. This is as it should be, and puts on a businesslike basis public-spirited efforts which have been made the occasion for private advantage.

Mr. Hughes announced in the Australian House of Representatives on Wednesday last that recruiting latterly had failed to fill up the deficiencies in the number of volunteer soldiers. The Government therefore intended to take a Referendum on the question whether compulsion should be adopted to the extent necessary to maintain the Australian force at full strength. The Referendum is to be held in eight weeks, and no doubt is expressed that it will give the required authority. Meanwhile, under the existing Defence Act, certain classes of unmarried men will be called up for home training, and will be ready later for service overseas. Thus there will be no delay in training suitable men, and the objections will be met of those who ask for conscription without reserve at once.

Labour protests are coming once more into vogue and Germany will gather encouragement from their agitations. Railwaymen, demonstrating both at Essex Hall and in Hyde Park, have made up their minds to give their whole-hearted support to a hasty demand for an increase of ten shillings a week in wages as a means of compelling the Government to take action against high food prices. Heated rhetoric in Hyde Park was not appreciably chilled by downpours of rain. As for the deputation of labour that worried to Mr. Lloyd George at the War Office, it had two grievances: (a) that soldiers were being employed in civilian work at Army rates of pay; (b) that they were kept

under military discipline. Mr. Lloyd George explained that the soldiers in question would get the civilian rate of pay, and that neither he nor the Adjutant-General would take them from their military duties but for the urgent need of big shells. One of our great shell-filling factories needed a thousand men, and troops were borrowed from the Adjutant-General until civilians could be found to do the work. It has been necessary also to employ soldiers for other emergency jobs, such as the loading of war material on ships. There were five Members of Parliament in the deputation that visited the War Office. They preferred a partisan demonstration to business by letter or by telephone. Would they have been so eager to meet Lord Kitchener?

The wonderful contributions of Oxford and Cambridge to our fighting forces should never be forgotten by those who prate about modern education. The sons of learning have been more ready to give up their careers for their country than those who are living dull and undistinguished lives. In a single month the college of Trinity, Cambridge, has lost thirty-six of its members, and among them Gordon Butler, the son of two Senior Classics, the grandson of a Senior Wrangler, and worthy in his brilliance of his heredity. The loss to the Master of Trinity is severe, but the contributions of this splendid scholarship to the cause of the whole nation should make it twice classic. We hope, as we said recently, that some worthy memorial will be erected to these young University heroes.

The members of the two Educational Committees appointed to inquire into the position of science and modern languages respectively were announced on 26 August. We are glad to see that both include men who are not specialists, since the business includes a regard for the requirements of a liberal education. Scientific men have suffered by their lack of the gift for expression, and their Committee should gain by the presence of Dr. Michael Sadler, an admirable and broad-minded enthusiast for education, and the headmaster of Clifton. Men like Huxley and Tyndall are rare nowadays, but we think the scientific man who wields an effective pen to the advantage of the public might have been better represented on the Committee.

The Modern Languages Committee also includes a headmaster and one of literary tastes, Mr. Nowell Smith; our late Ambassador at Vienna; Dr. Walter Leaf, who combines banking with Homer; and numerous educational lights. There is, however, no French or Russian name among the members. The new interest in Russian is one of the features of to-day. This week we notice that, in response to requests from Russian institutions, the Russia Society has decided to appoint a board of examiners, who will grant certificates of proficiency in Russian. Also Leeds University has received from an anonymous donor £1,000 to be applied to the development of the Russian school started by a recent benefaction. Another anonymous £1,000 has been given to Leeds for the promotion of Spanish. Altogether it looks as if the Briton was at last waking up to the advantages he has seen and scorned among polyglot waiters.

We are sorry to notice the death of Mr. Francis Warre Cornish, who retired from the Vice-Provostship of Eton last April. An Eton scholar, he returned, after a successful career at King's, to his old school, which he served for many years. His influence, like that of other accomplished scholars, was unobtrusive, and he made no great mark on the world. But he has left some excellent work in literature, including a "History of the Church of England in the Nineteenth Century"; two finished studies in fiction, "Sunningwell" and "Dr. Ashford and his Neighbours"; the best prose translation of Catullus; and a discerning account of Jane Austen in the "English Men of Letters" series. A man of great charm and wide interests, he will be missed by many friends.

LEADING ARTICLES.

ENTER ROUMANIA.

THE entry of Roumania into the war is a powerful argument for the cause of the Allies in the logic which counts highest to-day with nations—the logic of force. It is a valuable accession on two solid grounds. First, it brings a good half-million soldiers, trained and armed and fresh, to our aid—which, we think, is by far the more important point; whilst, second, it dries up the stream of corn and oil which has been flowing, full-fed, into the country of the enemy for a long time past. What has been reported in the Press in this country and on the Continent as to the passage of corn and oil, with other commodities, but corn especially, by Roumania to Germany and Austria has been, in the main, true enough: Roumania is rich in the resources of the soil; and it has been impracticable for her to deny Germany in the past—such denial would have precipitated war not to our real advantage. We hold that Roumania has acted with wise restraint. There is the moral effect, too, of Roumania's decision on the enemy, as well as on the one or two Neuters that matter—or that are in the least degree likely to come in this side of the world's end: it is naturally helping to make one of these, at any rate, "afraid of us". These are substantial gains for the cause of the Allies; and the very fact that they have accrued is eloquent proof that we are now doing far better in the field than we have done since the retreat of the Germans in 1914 and the battles of the Marne and the Aisne. Our diplomacy is a great improvement on what it was when Bulgaria went in against us and Greece began to stammer painfully: that is to say, we are piling up the men and the munitions, and are hitting much harder, so we are more persuasive diplomats. The old idea of diplomacy was intrigue. Then it was believed, apparently, that we could substitute to advantage integrity for intrigue. This belief, indeed, seems to have obtained little more than two years ago. Now we know that successful diplomacy means armament. It means "reeking tube and iron shard". So far as there are any other Powers to be persuaded, this knowledge is agreeable, for the British and the Russian Empires are growing vastly in armament, and therefore they promise in the near future to be better and better in the art of diplomacy.

It is not humanly possible that Germany and her Allies can come victorious out of the war; and the chances of a kind of indeterminate draw in their favour are now growing remote and remoter. It is, we believe, only a question of how long the struggle may yet last, and of how spent or exhausted the Powers—even some of the triumphing Powers—may be at the close of it. We are not impressed profoundly by the general predictions pointing to a speedy retirement of Austria or Turkey, or both of them, from the contest; still less to the rumours of a crumbling away of the wall of German resistance. As to Germany, it is much more likely that she will, for a time at least, be stiffened, if anything, by the decision of Roumania. We may depend upon it that she is now collecting, counting, preparing to reorganise her resources, and planning new campaigns. Perhaps nothing, or next to it, is truly known here—certainly so far as the public and Press are concerned—as to the exact meaning of the announcements about Field-Marshal von Hindenburg and General von Falkenhayn and others; but they are at least significant as showing

that Germany to-day, recognising how the war is going against her, is bent on changing and evolutionising, perhaps drastically. *We think the position of the Allies has never been so good as it is to-day*; but the fact that Germany, thoroughly alarmed, is striving to reform and revitalise the campaign is not particularly a thing to shout over. The indiscriminately sanguine observers of the war resolute to see things exactly as they would have things be, do get hold of the oddest earnest of instant defeat! It is the same among all the belligerents, and very likely there are Mark Tapleys in Germany to-day who perceive in General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's protest against rubbishy plays an omen of England's decadence and speedy retirement from the war.

Roumania is the fourteenth nation to enter the war. We are glad of this, for thirteen was an unlucky number for the Allies. Every Great Power but one has entered, and, besides, the war has sucked into its maelstrom seven others, three of whom may be classed as lesser Powers and four as little nations. Moreover, all the continents save one are in it, not excluding the continent of North America. We are much mistaken, and General Sir S. Hughes is much mistaken, if America is not going to add substantially to those contingents which put up such splendid fights at the second battle of Ypres and again last June in France. Canada is great.

Yet despite the entry of the fourteenth nation—and our tenth Ally—into the fray, what is the pressing need and demand to-day in this country? Hidden away in a modest paragraph or two in the papers on Wednesday is the perfectly clear answer to this. At the banquet to the departing Commonwealth deputation, Sir William Robertson—whose authority in this matter is unrivalled—said:

"We want more men. We want all the men we can get. We want them not merely to win this war—we feel quite certain of that—but we want to win the peace. We want to win such a peace as will compensate us for the great sacrifices we have made."

The words were, perhaps, addressed particularly to Greater Britain, which has still the power to send us large fresh armies. This question is even now being keenly and urgently pressed in Australia, where it may be necessary to add a touch to the excellent system of obligatory military service already thriving there—a system which, in effect, the Straits Settlements lately adopted by, we understand, an extraordinary stroke of unanimity. But the words we quote have also to be taken to heart by people here at home. Writing in the SATURDAY REVIEW some two years ago, we explained that a great Army would be essential to Britain not only for winning the war, but also for leading the Settlement. That need, we think, is now being generally perceived. The British Empire can no more escape with honour or with safety from her high responsibilities at the Settlement than she can escape from them in the war itself. Owing to her world-wide situation and to her tradition, the British Empire is bound, and will be expected, as we put it two years ago, to lead the Settlement; and to do this she must be able to put up at the close of the war a very large and impressive Army, as well as her invincible Fleet. The two combined will give her the required status, but nothing short of the two combined would do so. If this were not clearly perceived and acted up to, there might ensue a disastrous welter at the close of the war. It has always to be remembered that

the greater the number of nations coming into the war, the greater the complexity of the Settlement at the close of it: which certainly applies to those who come in on our side as well as to the others. Assume the triumph of the Allies and end of the war next year. We then have incomparably the greatest masses of national problems and friendly claims to disentangle and settle which have ever faced statesmanship after a campaign; and Great Britain can only hope to play the part the nations will expect and call on her to play provided she can give the world ocular demonstration, on land as well as on sea, of the fact that she is not a spent, but a mighty force. Therefore we must continue to pile up the men and to pile up the munitions against the day of Settlement. Sir William Robertson's call is as true as it is nobly phrased.

PRICES AND PATRIOTISM.

THE cost of food is becoming a test of patriotism. Many persons talk of "siege prices", and some, while clamouring for Government action, make charges at random against the peace-bred devilries called rings, trusts, combines, and corners. To some extent, perhaps, these strategies of unscrupulous profit-seekers may have been active during the war, but the charges now made against them are unaccompanied by evidence, and it is ridiculous to believe that prices would have remained low if the Government had controlled bread and meat as it has controlled sugar. Federated scoundrels cannot have ruled over all markets; yet the price of all commodities has gone up and up, sugar rising somewhat more than either bread or meat.

It is impossible to control prices with success when a nation's foodstuffs come mainly from abroad and when large numbers of trading ships are engaged on essential military duties. Many other merchant vessels have been lost, so that neutral shipowners, like neutral food producers, are free enough from the discipline of keen competition to make their own terms. In the pre-war times buyers held empire over market prices. So favoured were they by circumstances that they were able to impose the doctrine of excessive cheapness on producers and sellers, with the result that British agriculture became the Cinderella of British industries. Our towns made war against our farms and compelled them to pay an increasing tax of lean years to free imports from foreign fields. And yet, though most people declared that very cheap wheat was necessary to patriotism in towns, care in the use of bread was very uncommon. Great quantities of wholesome crust were thrown daily into dust-bins, and "crumbs" on dinner-tables, as often as not, were pieces of bread, fingered and half-eaten. Britain purchased cheapness at a very high cost, forming habits of waste and a creed of sanguine carelessness; and the people should remember this fact now that the whirligig of time has brought in his revenges. After several decades of excessively cheap food they can well afford to be dignified and reasonable in all talk about current prices.

It is neither dignity nor reason that causes people to demand another increase of wages. This unwise step is taken on the ground that housekeeping is too expensive because the Government is too apathetic. There is talk about rationing and the fixing of maximum prices; but, if the experiences of our foes may be taken as evidence, these expedients would have but little effect. Since July 1914, despite the most drastic supervision and regulation, the aggregate rise of food prices in Berlin has been 116 per cent., while in Vienna it has been 128 per cent. During May wheaten bread in Berlin was 12½d. per 4 lbs.; rye bread was comparatively cheap, being 8½d. for a 4-lbs. loaf, but its qualities were as poor as its quantity was limited. The aggregate rise in England has been about 58 per cent.—a serious rise to those who, though badly hit by decreased earnings, have borne in silence their hard-

ships; but is it a higher rise than the people invited by their unpreparedness for war? We note, too, that it is received with the greatest anger by those artisans and others whose wages have gone up and up. Railwaymen have put in a demand for ten shillings all round, not because their present earnings all round are bad, but because they wish to protest against an assumed injustice. It seems to them that the Government, if it wished or if it tried, could stop prices from rising, unlike Germany and Austria.

Consider also the anti-patriotic aspects of this agitation against the cost of food. It is an encouragement to German statesmen and their dupes, who are certain to believe that our economic position is resented bitterly, and that the pressure of high prices may turn the British people from their fighting mood to a desire for peace negotiations. There are complaints enough in English newspapers to deceive any foreigner who has not lived for years with our national habit of letting off steam in noisy grumbling. And this is not the only point. The more we cry out against high prices the more likely we are to aid the lies told in Germany about the harm done to our imports by German submarines. Every grumble in English newspapers about the cost of food is a stimulus to that delight in atrocities which caused the German people to approve with joy the sinking of the "Lusitania". "By the vigilance of one of our U-boats", said the "Berliner Boersen Courier", "we have been able to sink this Titan of the seas; by a single blow a vessel worth tens of millions of marks has been annihilated." The murder of 1,396 civilian lives was nothing at all to the German Press and public. Is this barbarity a thing to be stirred into action by British outcries over the price of bread and fish and meat?

Many persons talk and write as if the present price of bread were unexampled in English history. What would they say if it equalled the price of 1801, when the average price of wheat soared to £5 19s. 6d. the quarter? In August 1812 the price of a quartern loaf (4 lbs. 5 oz.) was 2½d.; it fell to 12½d. in 1814. And it is equally interesting to note that the best 4-lbs. loaf had many big vicissitudes of price after the corn laws were abolished. Between 1850 and 1856, for example, it rose from 6½d. to 10½d. and 11d. Again, in 1867 the retail rate was 10½d.; and on several occasions it has been 9d., as in 1861 and 1871. This latter date is significant, showing that Germany's defeat of France had an effect on the cost of English bread nearly equal to that which the present war has produced. In 1872 the price rose to 9½d. and 10d., and it was 8d. during the next year.

Old prices are soon forgotten, and a great many people like to think in the strident routine of headlines and placards. They forget that bread was unreasonably low in price a few years ago, and that British wheat growers could not keep under cultivation a sufficient area of land. In 1911-13, for example, our corn harvests came from only 7,800,000 acres, just a million acres less than in 1890-92. Let us compare this fact with the forethought shown by Germany. In 1890-92 she gave 33 million acres to corn, and the total yield was 17 million tons; while in 1911-13 corn was grown on 35 million acres, and 27½ million tons were harvested. This means that an increase of 6 per cent. in the acreage was accompanied by an increase of 62 per cent. in the total yield. But for this good policy the Germans would never have passed through two years of war.

We added a million acres to our hayfields between 1892 and 1913, and only a hundred thousand acres to our potato crops; whereas Germany reversed this policy, taking 1,100,000 acres from the hayfields and using them for potatoes. And note the effect of this on our imports from Germany. In 1909 we bought from her only 21,007 cwts. of potatoes, while in 1913 the total number of cwts. was 2,309,057. If Britain had treated her farmers as generously as she treated the German menace her lot would have been very different. During forty years, or thereabout, she was almost criminally negligent in her attitude towards

husbandry. In December 1876 the 4-lbs. loaf was 7d.; in July 1914 it was 5d.; and the main result of this excessive fall in price was the ruin of our English country system, including the peasantry, who drifted away from low wages on the fields to take their chance in towns and factories.

But it is evident to-day to most people that wheat cultivation in this country must be raised as near as possible to the level of national safety. Perhaps the prices of foreign wheat will drop again into the quicksands of over-cheapness, as during the eighteen-nineties. Then a tax on imported breadstuffs will be essential, not only to make the country safer against emergencies, but also to re-establish on the land a vigorous breed of contented yeomen and peasants.

THE ORGANISATION AND SUPPORT OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

THE Report of the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research for the year 1915-16 has just been published. It is well worth attention, for it shows what an Advisory Council of distinguished men of science thinks after a year's experience about the best means to develop industrial science. Slowly we are learning what our enemies have long since mastered to their profit, the value of organisation, co-operation, and judicious support of research. It is something that these problems have been tackled without delay. They cannot be settled in a moment, as some insensate people appear to believe. The difficulties have to be carefully examined, inquiries have to be made concerning the loss or retention of hampered industries, and a large number of responsible persons have to be persuaded that the whole thing is worth while.

Without that preliminary education little advance can be made. The "quick returns" which are a common ideal in business of all kinds are not always secured by the investigations which depend on science; but America, the most go-ahead country in business, has clearly shown that a large and apparently unproductive outlay on research does pay in the end. Pasteur was only one of many research students, and the bulk of them added little to science. It has been said that he and his fellows cost the French nation £100,000; but in the end Pasteur justified himself and all the failures as well.

The wonderful British discoveries of the nineteenth century far exceed those of which any other country can boast. It is in their application and in encouraging similar research that the twentieth-century promoter of industry has failed. Partly he has been hampered by lack of money and enterprise and partly by a spirit of suspicion and isolation, which leads him to do anything rather than co-operate with his neighbour in a like or allied trade. This feeling is widespread. It can be seen, for instance, among publishers, who of late have been cutting each other's throats by duplicating translations of the same works. The rewards also of investigators have in the past been grossly inadequate. It has been said that it is characteristic of the English intellect to be cautious in the wrong place; and it is clear that the Treasury has been stingy in the wrong place. Now the whole country and its rulers has had, as the Americans say, to "sit up and take notice" of many things, and reforms may be expected which in normal times would have been talked about and remained abortive for lack of motive power behind them.

Industrially regarded, the war has brought on the country much inconvenience, but it has been useful in emphasising national needs and deficiencies, since there has been an increased demand for many industrial products, coupled with a lessened means of securing the materials necessary to produce them. That the man of science, working in a laboratory with a test-tube in his hand, can ultimately make a great profit for a business house the public does not understand. It thinks of pure science as tolerably useless. It does

not know what a scientific institution can do. Quinine in 1860 was sixteen times as expensive as it is now. Kew Gardens made the difference. The recent "rubber boom" is known to everybody. It was due to the successful transmission of young plants from Kew in 1875. Science stands behind the success of industry, and "pure science", so called, precedes the practical and technical applications of discoveries. This department of research is mainly the work of the Universities, but the war has enabled the Council to put it aside for the moment, because the Universities are empty, and have sent their investigators to the war. We note, however, evidence here that the British Universities are not the best places for technological departments. The view of an experienced observer is quoted here: "The special research institutes recently founded in Leipzig and Berlin, with comparatively loose connections with the Universities of those cities, are intended, in part at least, to provide for special investigations of a larger and more elaborate kind than those which can be undertaken by University teachers or students".

The Council agree with this verdict, and note that professors of this sort in Germany have had little routine work to do in comparison with British standards. It took the researches of twenty years to make synthetic indigo a marketable product. The main business and best work of the Universities is to train young men for industrial laboratories, to teach them how to master a subject, and to encourage their powers of initiative. A University is not a shop, and any advance towards the reduction of this ignorant and prevalent idea is welcome.

This excellent Report, then, is not concerned with pure science, but with its applications in technical research, and—wisely, we think—it does not attempt to settle off-hand a mass of complicated problems. It is mainly an explanation of the principles to be followed and the difficulties to be met, though it gives welcome details of the practical work that has been already begun. A Register of Researches has been formed, Standing Committees have been appointed or are in contemplation, and threatened industries have been fortified by timely support. Some of these are relatively small in bulk and have limited resources, but the Council point out that they must be safeguarded because without them many other trades would languish or die. Other important scientific industries lack "any effective trade associations through which their common manufacturing interests and difficulties can be approached". They are, like agriculture, suffering from undue isolation. It is a habit due to the national temperament, but it must be altered. Organisation can only be fought by counter-organisation. Greater Britain is eager to join in such work, and research may, before long, have a central clearing house of information.

The energy now being devoted to this important question should have a happy result; but the Council give, briefly, two necessary conditions for success. There must be a far larger supply of competent researchers than the country has at present, and there must be a hearty spirit of co-operation among all concerned. These conditions can be satisfied. The Council lend no support to the national self-depreciation which wonders how anything gets done. "Our people have no reason to fear or envy the scientific pioneers of other races." What our enemies are now fearing at the front is the vast supply of shells made by a wonderful national effort.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 109) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.
ROUMANIA AS AN ALLY.

WHEN Letchitsky, in the month of June 1916, severed the army of Pflanzer in the Bukovina, and drove countless thousands of Austro-Hungarians across the frontiers of Roumania, this neutral State was

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able to see for herself that the fortune of war had turned against the Central Powers of Europe. The diet of fictional victory so long served up by Germany to neighbouring neutrals and to her own people would assuredly be more than distasteful to the nation which was driven to shelter the so-called victors under theegis of a neutral wing. Roumania had to study her future and her security according to her own lights, and knew well that should Germany ever be able to defeat her adversaries it would be only a question of time before the German heel crushed the weaker States of Europe. Roumania has chosen an opportune moment for joining forces with the Entente Powers. She has been a depôt upon which the Central Powers have been able to draw for supplies of horses, stock, corn, and oil. She bangs the door in front of these Powers at a time when they are feeling seriously the pinch of the shortage of supplies. The economic value of her help at this moment is almost of equal value to the military advantage which she confers as an Ally. It is, however, as a chance peace-maker that the entry of her small army of some 500,000 men into the war arena is of such great significance.

The military situation in the Eastern theatre is already well known. The army of Austria-Hungary, in its succession of defeats by the armies of Brusiloff in June and July, has lost well nigh half its numbers. Hindenburg, by stiffening up the remnants with the help of German corps, has re-established a system of defence, but whereas a week ago the flanks of the Austro-German lines in the Eastern theatre rested upon the sea on the north and upon a neutral State on the south, by the entry of Roumania into the struggle the right of the armies of the Central Powers now finds itself "en l'air", and, worse still, with a new and well-found opponent, prepared to strike at its communications. This is a fine prospect for forces which are already strained almost to breaking point! The hour for a display of real generalship on both sides has truly come. The design of strategy, suggested in these pages some weeks ago, for the purpose of knocking Austria-Hungary out of the Dual Alliance, would seem to promise more than ever a successful issue. The rich plains of Hungary should lie at the mercy of Letchitsky, aided, as he will be now, by the co-operation of the armies of our new Ally on the southern slopes of the Carpathians. Victorious Italy from the region of Gorizia will play her part by dealing with the gradually wasting forces of her opponent; but it will be by the proper handling of the new armies of Roumania that we must look to achieve our purpose. Let us learn a lesson on this subject from our foes as to what to do, what not to do, what to avoid: for a mis-handling of the troops of our new Ally might easily retransfer to the Central Powers that priceless advantage of the initiation which we have wrested from them.

A RETROSPECT AND A LESSON.

It cannot be denied that the generally favourable position of the Armies of the Entente Powers in the various theatres of war as presented in the closing week of August 1916 is due materially to the good fortune which wrecked the strategic purpose of their enemy. The beginning of the year 1916 saw the Allied Armies still in the throes of preparations necessary to perfect their equipment for a coming struggle which they knew would be a stupendous one, and which must either take the form of offensive or defensive, as the means at their disposal permitted. Until the balance

in the scale of armament and munitions had turned in their favour, experience had taught them that it would be futile to expect success in a venture at the offensive, and the wisest course to pursue would be to continue for a period the uninviting rôle which inadequate preparation for war had imposed upon them. Further, any idea of co-ordination in action for a strategic purpose would be governed by the date on which the last of the Powers declared itself ready for the fray. Until that date, when joint and simultaneous movement could be fixed, the several Armies of the Entente Powers were more or less bound to fend for themselves. The German War Staff were certainly in full knowledge of the condition of readiness of their opponents. They were masters of the initiative, and could claim to remain so unless they were guilty of some extravagant mistake, and until the Entente Powers were ready to dispute the title. The Dual Powers held in their hands the means, and had under their command an organisation which could forestall their enemy in any prematurely attempted movement. The Great German Staff still had in hand certain strategic reserves which they could hurl into the contest at any point of their own choosing, and thereby seriously damage or perhaps wreck any strategic designs of the Entente Powers. It was a question with Germany whether she would fight a defensive campaign in 1916, and build up anew fresh armies for the following season, or whether she should follow the traditional spirit of her ancestors, and look as she had looked for a past century to an unsparing offensive, which should bring one or more of her adversaries to their knees. The military situation as left in the theatres of war in 1915 was distinctly inclined to be favourable to the arms of the Central Powers. The roll of victories had however not been so constant, and a weakening of effort to maintain her high prestige might be misread by neutral Powers and distant Allies, to say nothing of the German people. Something great was needed to give a fresh fillip to the renown of German arms, and the sooner the great torch of triumph could be set aflame again the better for the general purport of the cause. It was a question with Germany of time and place, as to where she should make her great effort in 1916. She knew that she might expect a blow to be delivered by her adversaries, and the longer she herself postponed the delivery of her own blow, the stronger would she find the Entente Powers. What better chance of success than by a forestalment on the German side before her enemies were ready, and in the delivery of her blow to be assured of success with the help of such good allies as the element of surprise and a preponderance of weight in both numbers and armament? To Austria-Hungary the German Staff allotted a similar task. Unfortunately for the purpose of the German double scheme, the problem of time for the delivery of the blow outlined for her Ally was dependent upon climatic conditions. No movement of large forces across the Alpine fringes of the Trentino could possibly take place that would give any prospect of success until the passes had been cleared of snow. Was Germany to wait until the month of May and keep her armies inactive for so many weeks? The calls for victory were growing ominous in the Fatherland. The enemy by the month of May would be getting formidable. A mild winter afforded Germany the opportunity she wanted. She brushed principles aside, broke all the rules of war bequeathed to her by old Scharnhorst, embarked on a disjointed action independent of her Ally, and with a boldness which has

proved her undoing she elected to strike where France was strongest. The rest is recent history.

In reviewing the causes which have led to the failure of the German enterprise, and the still greater effect which has resulted by the passing of the initiative from the German to the Entente arms, one naturally asks what possible strategic purpose could be served by attempting to force backwards the Armies of our Ally at the Verdun salient.

If the design of the Great General Staff was to roll up one of the French Armies and either capture it, destroy it, or drive it on to neutral Switzerland, then the selection of the point of cleavage of the defensive line of our Ally was a singularly unfortunate one. The truth is that on a line of parallel fronts, resting on impregnable flanks, the rôle of the strategist is peculiarly difficult, and beset with innumerable limitations. The strategic task allotted to Austria-Hungary, on the other hand, was full of promise. It was based upon one of the first principles of war, which suggests an operation upon the communications of the enemy without exposing your own. Germany gave to Austria a task which, when the numbers at her disposal are reckoned up, was asking for trouble elsewhere. The question which the student of strategy will ask is, why did not Germany herself strike at Italy down the valley of the Adige in the place of her Ally? That she was not at war with Italy should cause her no concern. Necessity in war knows no laws in the German War Code. All German greatness, the very German Empire itself, dates from a violation of treaty, and, singularly enough, all the troubles of Great Britain and of France for the past fifty years date from the weakness that these two Powers showed in countenancing Prussia in her interpretation of treaty rights. Let us put back the clock for a few moments. The Danish question, settled by a treaty signed in 1852, had been the joint effort of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, and England. Prussian policy had subsequently chosen to direct its aims towards gaining the North German peninsula for itself. Kiel was the Naboth's vineyard. For months the wrangle among the different signatories of the Treaty went on. France could not compose her differences with England, and the latter was left as the real arbiter in the case. Upon her action depended the question of peace or war. She promised interference, hesitated, and then, like all people of a wavering mind, allowed her statesmen to sacrifice her honour. Germany is not the only Power who can view a treaty as a scrap of paper. We were at that date on excellent terms with Russia, who was keen for an alliance. When our Ambassador broke the news to Prince Gortchakoff, he was met with a fine rebuff: "Alas, milord, je mets de côté la supposition que l'Angleterre fasse jamais la guerre pour une question d'honneur". The betrayal of Denmark by France and England was destined to cost both nations dear. Within six years the former was at the feet of a united Germany. Prince Gortchakoff, recognising the bluff that stood behind the foreign policy of England, was free to pursue his ventures in Central Asia to our great disquiet. Sea power had no terrors for him. He had a continent at his disposal for such matters as he chose. Merv and Penjeh are names well known to history where British influence in the neighbouring provinces, acquired by years of persistent toil, has been forced to yield the palm to Russia. Twice within two years have wars been forced upon us in Afghanistan by undue outside pressure. The Eastern question, like an ever-ready torch held over our heads,

burst into flame in 1877, and called for immense effort to extinguish it, even though only partially. We have endured much for the great betrayal of little Denmark—and our penance has not yet been completed.

That Germany was in a much more advantageous position than her Ally for the delivery of a knock-out blow to Italy, there can be no doubt. Austria, as we know, had stretched out the lines of her defensive fronts to a limit which allowed of no reserves for ulterior purposes, except at the expense of a weakening of those fronts to danger point. To collect sufficient divisions for a promise of success in the Trentino she was bound to sacrifice the great element of surprise in her chances of success. Not so with Germany. She stood in a position to swoop down from the north, unsuspected by her opponent, and in such strength as should ensure the accomplishment of her aim. Where Austria-Hungary so nearly earned success in spite of her many difficulties, it is safe to assert that Germany would have achieved her purpose.

It is easy to be wise after the event. Not one of the Entente Powers was really fully prepared for a grand offensive in the month of May 1916. Russia's answer in June to Italy's appeal was nobly responded to, but demanded a somewhat premature offensive. Had Germany in February 1916 elected to play a less selfish part, and co-operated with her Ally in the great strategic opening that was afforded in the following May, the theatre of war would have presented a far more favourable picture for the Central Powers than that now offered. Even had Germany held aloof from hostilities against Italy and had she relieved the Austrian divisions which were withdrawn from the Eastern frontier for the strategic purpose on the Trentino, the map of Galicia would assuredly not have revealed the unfavourable situation now facing the Central Powers. It has been Italy's good fortune that she has postponed her declaration of war with Germany for so long. The month of June might have found her fighting for bare life with an enemy who would have demanded from her her very utmost. The Central Powers by engaging in un-coordinate strategy have lost the campaign of 1916 and with it the immense advantage of the initiative. This is the great lesson for the Entente Powers. Let us bid adieu to disjointed efforts. The means for sustaining war on all the fronts held by the Allies should ere long be assured. When that is so the campaign can begin in earnest, and let the blows be rained with simultaneous action on all the fronts. But above all, let the design of operations be for one purpose. At the risk of repetition let me remind the reader of the saying of old Scharnhorst, more than once quoted in these pages. In a many-headed council of war held at Erfurt on 5 October 1866 at the Prussian Headquarters, Scharnhorst delivered that memorable saying, "that in war it matters not so much what is done, as that what is done is done with proper unity and strength".

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

WAR SLANG.

BY WORD-SMITH.

LANGUAGE is always changing, and in a great national upheaval like the present some words are retiring, while others are being invented or revived to meet the new conditions of life. The word "slang" includes not only vulgar argot, but also the special dialect of any calling or profession. The profession of all others now is that of national service, and the words we are considering are mainly those used by our men so employed, or by writers engaged

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in representing their thoughts and doings. Our purpose is simply to record without praise or blame what the war has brought forward in the way of language, and to confine our inquiry to words or phrases well established. Slang is always being invented, and always on trial in the public mouth. Sometimes it fails to gain even a temporary standing. It may be founded on a passing reputation and rapidly decay with it. Who now understands the word to "Sullivanise"? Yet big guns and the big shells that proceed from them are freely called "Jack Johnsons", the pugilist, with his got-rich-quick smile, having had a great reception in London. Even his fame is going, and will hardly, perhaps, make a word which survives in the language when its derivation is forgotten. No one now in this country casually calls a hill a "kopje", or playfully threatens to "sjambok" an opponent. The words of the Boer War are gone, though "Stellenbosched" has found a place in the great Oxford Dictionary. Let us hope that there is little occasion for its use to-day. At present the war has not produced so much special lingo as we expected. The "shining of sudden names" promised by Tennyson in war-time has, perhaps, been reduced by the circumstances of up-to-date warfare. The days of pitched battles seem to be over. No general has as yet received the compliment attached to Wolsey when the people used "all Sir Garnet" for "all right". The phrase is obsolete, and would probably surprise modern readers. So far as personal nicknames go, our German enemies hold the field. They have two—"Hun" and "Boche", both being indications of savage habits. "Boche" was current in France long before the war, as "Notes and Queries" has shown; but which of its several derivations is correct we have no leisure to determine. That connecting it with Low Latin "boscum" and the ordinary French "bois" is certainly suitable. The man in the city claims urbanity; the man of the woods has always been the savage. Indeed "savage" means nothing else, being derived from the Latin "silvaticus". What observer first drew or revived the obvious parallel between the hordes of Attila and the unrelenting German we cannot say. It had a success with the public because they could divide "German" into "Germ-hun". The Germans have also given to English "frightfulness", a literal rendering of their principle of "Schrecklichkeit", while the men of their race who have settled in the United States are known as "hyphenated" Americans.

The cry of "Gott strafe England" has even become so familiar as to put the German verb for punishment into common English. You can hear a carter in the Strand say "Strafe you" to his horse when it takes the wrong turning. "K" bread, a kind of soft brown dough composed of potatoes, figures in many a prisoner's narrative as if everybody understood it. But the gifts of our enemies for sheer fiction or reasonable variations on the truth have not, as might have been expected, ousted such a typical character as Ananias, and Münchhausen, a Hanoverian baron and professor who swindled the Scotch and suggested Dosterswivel, seems to be forgotten nowadays.

Coming to our own forces, everyone will think of "Anzac", invented at Gallipoli. We saw the other day a suggestion that it should be altered to "Sanzac", in order to include South Africans, but we think it is too well established for change. The South African story of "The Dop Doctor", a reformed drunkard, has familiarised a shortened form of the word "dope", which is really Dutch, and means a thick liquid used as food, drug, or lubricant. The German military "dope" is a narcotic—"Dutch courage", in fact—supplied to soldiers about to enter action. "Dope shops" in this country are said to supply drugs which help shirkers to deceive Army doctors. There is also an aeroplane "dope", used to stiffen canvas against the effects of rain.

"Dud" aeroplanes and shells are often mentioned. In the first Canting Dictionary, which goes back to Elizabethan days, "dudes" or "duds" stands for

clothes, and, perhaps because gipsies are chiefly concerned with old clothes, "duds" means rags as well as clothes. So the "dud" machine is one out of date, which does not work properly, and a "dud" shell is one which fails to explode. A heavy shell is said to "crump", or even called a "crump", from the peculiar sound of its detonation ("Eye-witness", 18 June 1915). The "dug-out" was familiar before the war as an excavation, but, as applied to a retired soldier revived for service by the war, is, we fancy, new. The Zeppelin is commonly called a Zepp., such abbreviations having gained popularity owing to the success of a music-hall "star" in exploiting them. Mr. G. R. Sims explained, some while since, that he was quite skep. and free from trep. about the Zepp. The strange word "Blighty", which is really Indian (see "Notes and Queries"), is used by the soldier to mean home, or, derivatively, a wound that takes him home. It is now the title of a paper supplied to the trenches. When he gets back to London the soldier of to-day hears more of "conductorettes" than suffragettes; he may hit on a "flag day", which means not a day on which large flags are waved or put out at the windows, but one on which diminutive favours or flags as button-holes are sold in the street. He may read in the papers something about the "ginger" group who make things hot for the Government. When the soldier is out in France he belongs to the B.E.F., may miss the attractions belonging to the V.A.D., and wish for the stuff looked after by the I.G.C. A crowd of similar initials is daily before our eyes. We guess what they mean, but all sorts of variant explanations are current. Everyone is familiar with the English translation of the famous French gun, the "75", but the wit which adorns the valour of our Allies is not generally known here. A bayonet is called "Rosalie". Why, we know not; but everyone will perceive the aptitude of the term "sur-Boche". The "super-Boches" are the Prussians.

If you are not at the front you talk of "doing your bit" at home. A "scrap" might appear to be the same as a "bit", but it is slang for a fight, and has been so used for many years. In calling the King, on his visit to the front, a "good sport", the soldier paid the highest compliment he knew. The British zeal for sport must astonish the foreigner, and when our men describe some German manoeuvre as "not cricket" they cannot expect to be easily understood. An ingenious collector of London idioms with German glosses explained a good deal very well in a book of "Londonismen", but he was beaten by "not cricket". He thought it meant "no light affair".

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF JAPANESE POLITICS.*

By BISHOP FRODSHAM.

THE politics of any country are always puzzling to a foreigner, but the foreign politics of Japan during the past two years have been enigmatic, not only in Washington, but also in Tokyo. Dr. McLaren, it must be assumed, writes as an American, yet, as he was for some time Professor of Politics in Keigijuku, Tokyo, he has obvious qualifications for enterprising a difficult task.

It is necessary for those who venture to criticise an American critic of Japanese politics to make proper allowance for the American point of view. This, if the events of the past two years may be taken as a guide, is frankly self-regarding. This fact may not be realised by theorising Americans, but it is none the less true, both as regards Japan and the European conflagration. It tinges every book, speech and newspaper in the United States. The voice of public opinion in the United States, though loud, is singularly inarticulate. The trumpet sounded in the Eastern States gives one note, the Western trumpet

* "A Political History of Japan during the Meija Era, 1867-1912," by W. W. McLaren. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.

another, and yet a third divergent note must be expected from the Middle States. This is what Americans say, but anyone who now takes any interest in American opinion must realise that throughout the States Japanese political projects are regarded with suspicion even by those who know little or nothing about them. Open hostility to Japan, however, is confined chiefly, if not altogether, to the Western States. Dr. McLaren states his opinion, and in doing so he makes an unintentional admission, that an "open conflict of interests" might not have arisen had it not been for the action of the State of California in raising the so-called "school question", which developed into an agitation against the admission of Japanese labourers into the United States. There is a well-known maxim of Aristotle to the effect that the occasions of strife are small, but the causes are great. So long as self-interest is taken as the guide for national conduct, it may be assumed that open strife is certain to ensue sooner or later between nations similarly minded. On the other hand, alien immigration is a matter important enough to demand regulation in any country. Those who know the Far East are quite well aware that neither the Chinese nor the Japanese want Americans to take up their permanent abodes in Asia; while, if some experiments at regulation made in Queensland prior to the formation of the Commonwealth can be taken as a guide, regulation of Japanese immigration into California upon friendly terms is not impossible, nor would such regulation necessarily be resented in Japan. The point to remember is that small matters are usually the flash-point for great antagonistic forces, which, if one point of contact is removed, will speedily find another. Moreover, any nation wedded to self-interest, but desirous of compassing its purpose by "peaceful penetration", will always be prone to suspect all other nations, particularly one whom it regards as both chauvinistic and subtle in its political projects.

The particular political enigma which seems to have engaged the attention of thoughtful Americans of late is concerned with the interpretation of the event that succeeded immediately the fall of Kiaochau. The military and naval policy preceding the siege Dr. McLaren considers to be quite clear. The expedition was "undertaken by the Japanese to rid themselves and their allies of the menace of a German base in the Pacific". "But", he asks of the Japanese, "why was the successful issue of that exploit followed almost immediately by an attempt to settle their differences with China? And why were the Japanese terms presented at Peking so ambiguously worded that for the time being it was impossible to tell exactly what they were? Why was an ultimatum forwarded and backed up by a display of force? And why did the Japanese Government at the very last moment withdraw the most objectionable group of its demands?" The questions are acute enough and they are reasonable. Something of the same sort has been asked in this country not once and again. The perplexity has not been decreased by the subsequent development in Japanese domestic politics.

The perplexity in Japanese political circles with regard to high matters of State is not surprising to those who know something accurately about the Japanese Constitution. If Members of the British House of Commons complain that they know next to nothing about the projects of their own Cabinet, the Japanese Diet have far greater reason for complaint against their "elder statesmen". The correspondents in Japan of London newspapers may make from time to time good hits with their winged words, but they shoot largely at a venture. Public opinion in Tokyo counts for much politically, but public knowledge limps far behind the events. Such a state of affairs is very disturbing to an American who believes in a diplomacy of "strong notes" framed in such a fashion as to catch the eye of the citizen who gives five minutes each morning to assuring himself how the world wags. Nevertheless Dr. McLaren should be

more careful in measuring by an American rule the silence and speech of English statesmen upon matters of foreign policy. Here is an instance in point. It appears that the State Department at Washington issued a brief statement that Japan's action in China involved no breach of existing treaties to which America was party—a note which Dr. McLaren considered, if not particularly informing, to be at least reassuring. "Why", he continues, "was the British Foreign Secretary even less explicit? Had the Japanese Government violated the spirit of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance? If not, then the British Government must have approved all of Japan's demands". The use of dilemma in argument is seldom safe. In this case it involves a fairly large *petitio principii* with regard to the use of silence. One is tempted to repeat to our American the cynical advice given by a witty Irish special pleader to a member of his Bar: "Be very careful about your logic: the facts you have more or less in your own hands."

By far the most valuable and interesting service that Dr. McLaren has rendered to his fellow countrymen, and incidentally to us, is in providing a clear description of the exact way in which Japanese Constitutionalism works, and of the steps by which it obtained its present form. Dr. McLaren, who, as it has been said, was formerly a professor of politics in Japan, must be relied upon with regard to the accuracy of his main facts—that is, in making a careful survey of the "evolution of existing political institutions" and in enumerating the respective "powers exercised by the various authorities, the Emperor, the Elder Statesmen, the Privy Council, the Cabinet, the Diet and the Bureaucracy". Writing very generally, we think the conclusion which readers are likely to reach is that the Japanese Constitution more closely approximates to that of the German Empire than to those of more definitely democratic countries. On closer examination it will be found that the Japanese Diet has less powers than the Reichstag, but, on the other hand, the Elder Statesmen, who form an Upper House in Japan, hold much of the practical authority which in Germany falls into the hands of the Emperor and his Chancellor. This state of affairs appears to have been brought about by the conditions under which the constitution was framed. The fall of the Shogunate and the rehabilitation of imperial authority was a coup d'état on the part of the Western Clans, and such a cataclysm necessarily involves changes unforeseen by the actors concerned. The framers of the constitution were members of an oligarchy antagonistic to the Tokugawa Shoguns, but they were equally feudal in their ideals and methods. They adopted deliberately the European political institutions they considered most fitted to their purposes. Quite naturally they preferred the form of Hohenzollern Prussia to that of America, or of France, or to the modified constitutional democracy of England. They conceived it wisdom, once the Shogunate was destroyed, to "perpetuate an absolute monarchy operating through a bureaucracy dominated by the members of their own group. The constitution was drawn up and ratified in the profoundest secrecy and promulgated ostensibly as the gift of a benevolent autocrat to a grateful nation". When this fact is realised the politics of Japan become much less puzzling.

It is not necessary to follow Dr. McLaren through the performance of his self-chosen task of censor morum. His castigations lack nothing in the way of thoroughness. Quite in a friendly fashion he deplores among his quondam friends an "appalling lack of principle . . . not only in connection with their domestic, but also with their foreign policy". "Unprincipled action" is on the increase among them. They are guilty of "intense chauvinism". And the only remedy for their political ills—except in a reversion to unbridled monarchic absolutism, which is unthinkable—lies in an advance to representative government in which the Upper Chamber is subordinated to a Lower. This is kicking one's friends downstairs with a vengeance, but how in the world did such a book pass the British censors?

Sufficient has been said to show that Dr. McLaren has written a valuable and suggestive book. It also must be admitted that the political situation in Japan has been perplexing to others than to Americans, but such perplexity in England has been associated neither with hostility nor suspicion. The British are not only proud of Japan, but also loyal to the Japanese, and that in a spirit which will be understood and valued in a country in which loyalty is counted to be a high virtue.

THE DANCING OF COLUMBINE.

By N. C. HERMON-HODGE.

IT was upon Midsummer Night, when the nightingales were singing, that I saw Columbine dancing in the moonlight upon the lawn.

I know not how I came to see her, nor whether I was dreaming; I only know that I lay concealed in the shadow of a great tree and watched her dance, marvelling greatly.

She seemed to drift into the garden with the starshine, and I know not whence she came; but I saw her standing there in the moonlight, gay in her dress of black and orange, and her delicate, high-heeled shoes. Upon each arched foot a great opal shone with mysterious fire, and in one careless hand she held a jewelled fan. And while I watched she looked up at the moon, and curtsied low as she threw it an eager kiss; and then she flung away her fan, and caught her dress in the tips of her white fingers and began to dance.

Now the dancing of Columbine was more wonderful than anything which I have ever beheld; and I lay among the shadows, spell-bound, watching her. I saw her sway and leap and pirouette; sometimes she seemed like some wondrous swallow bird skimming across the lawn. I could discern no part of her dress—only a flash of white arms or throat amid the whirl of her flying skirts. I could hear the constant click of her little high heels; and the opals in her shoes gleamed and shimmered.

I looked for Harlequin, but he was not with her, and Columbine danced on alone.

My heart beat so that I caught my breath; and I saw that her face was flushed as with wine, and her dark eyes sparkled strangely.

So fast did she dance that her feet twinkled like stars; more than once she reminded me of some shooting-star, streaking with orange flame across an ebon sky. Yet now and then I saw her pause to throw a kiss to the cold white moon.

And suddenly it was over and I found myself alone. And the manner of her going I cannot tell, for to me it seemed that she leaped into the arms of a moonbeam and was gone.

Then the nightingales stopped singing, and the garden seemed all lonely; and the moonlight and the shadows frightened me, so I went quickly away and lay down in my bed, and slept.

But at dawn, when I went into the garden, I found no trace of what I had seen save that wherever the gleaming feet of Columbine had been the little spiders had woven patterns of wondrous thread; and thereon hung many dewdrops, all glistening with the rainbow lights of dawn—the unseen tears of Columbine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VON HINDENBURG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 August 1916.

SIR,—The summary dismissal of General von Falkenhayn and the appointment of Field-Marshal von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg shows the desperate straits to which the Kaiser and his chosen people are reduced. I had the advantage of being attached twice for manœuvres to the German 14th Army Corps, of which "le Moloch allemand", as the French call him, commanded the 28th Division. He had no great reputation as a leader in the German Army, and I saw him worsted and outgeneralled by von Bissing, the smartest soldier I ever saw in Germany, and by General von Fallois, a particularly efficient commander. Hindenburg gave one the idea of a resolute pig-headed man without any surplus share of brains. One took him to be utterly ruthless; and his square head and little eyes showed his Mongol origin and denoted unmistakably cunning and cruelty. While his predecessor, General von Grone, and his former Corps General, von Bülow, received me with open arms and admitted me freely to all the critiques after each day's manœuvres, von Hindenburg only suffered me because I was there by command of the All Highest, and he would not allow me within the circle of his officers at the critiques. He was cold, but not actually rude, but he seemed to enjoy the insulting boorishness to which an underbred Prussian Junker treated me on every possible occasion. He was an aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke of Baden, who was the soul of courtesy, and I am confident that Hindenburg, who evidently resented my presence on his staff, got the arrogant Junker to "make things hot for me". I was in no way impressed by Hindenburg's ability: he struck me as a typical Hun—tall, stout, and coarse, and like most Germans, a huge eater and drinker. I was told that on one occasion the officers of his staff were discoursing on poetry in his presence and comparing the merits of Shakespeare, Schiller, and Goethe. After listening impatiently for a time, the General could stand it no longer, and he thus admonished them: "Meine Herren, I have never risked making myself weak by reading poetry, and I strongly advise you to follow my example!" He retired some years ago, and was recalled at the outbreak of war to command in East Prussia because he has a thorough knowledge of the ground in that part of Germany. Luck was with him, and he defeated the Russians because a weak body of them, among whom were some of their corps d'élite, was most imprudently pushed forward at Tannenberg into the jaws of von Hindenburg and a vastly superior force. Afterwards he pushed back the Russians by weight of guns and numbers, for they were short of everything, artillery, munitions, and even small arms. Now things are changed and he cannot hold his own against them, much less can he carry out his bragging threats of marching through the streets of Petrograd.

It must be admitted that he has been badly treated, and that the subtraction of many of his divisions in aid of the egregious Crown Prince before Verdun deprived him, to a great extent, of his brute force, of which he is a typical apostle. The lives of his soldiers are as dirt beneath his feet, and the loss of millions of them is nothing to him if he can force a position and drive back his enemy.

To illustrate the cold-blooded cruelty of the man: At the battle of Tannenberg a number of Russians were driven into the marsh, where they began gradually to sink. Their cries for help were piteous. The German soldiers were moved to pity and tried to rescue them; they were prevented from doing so by their brutal officers, and Hindenburg said: "Let them drown. It will be a good lesson to Russians not to defile East Prussia with their presence again". Our Russian Allies will not forget this on the day of reckoning.

Such is the man whom the frenzied Kaiser has appointed to save Germany from defeat and destruction, which not even miracles would now effect, for that treacherous, mendacious, and cruel Power is long past praying for.

Your obedient servant,
ALFRED E. TURNER.

THE BOCHE MYSTERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.,

14 August 1916.

SIR,—Those who have learned German will at once understand that "Boche" should be written "Bosch". Bosch does not mean anything; it is a fairly common German family name. There are twelve Bosch in the Chicago City Directory for 1916. There are thirty-eight Bosch and thirteen Boesch in the Berlin (Germany) Adressbuch for 1914, as I ascertained this morning at the Chicago Public Library. To avoid confusion I have assumed that Bosch does not take an s in the plural. It is probable that, in the early part of the war, the French took a German prisoner called "Bosch", and that his name appealed to their Gallic sense of humour.

Your obedient servant,
BERTRAND SHADWELL.

"LET US LOVE GERMANS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Burma, 23 July 1916.

SIR,—In his letter of 30 May Mr. C. Midgley misquotes me. He says that I wrote "curséd Liberal mismanagement". What I did write was, "during the time the country has been cursed by Liberal mismanagement"—two very different things. Such a stickler for journalistic propriety should be more careful to verify his quotations, nor should the misquotation be made the text for a little "sermon on evil speaking".

F. R. L.

FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It seems to me that the Government is losing an admirable opportunity in neglecting, as it apparently does, to do a little effectual missionary work amongst the German prisoners. For it is as plain as a pikestaff that these poor men are little more or better than the dupes and victims of a ruthless autocracy, and that their minds are steeped in darkness accordingly. In effect, the German mind has been metamorphosed, standardised, and obsessed by Prussianism. Hence the singleness and deadliness of purpose of the modern German, whose mind has been long drenched and impregnated with Prussian poison, and who cannot for his life see more than the Prussian side of any human question. And that for the sufficient reason that Germans have been taught from their very infancy to believe that the Kaiser is a sort of demi-god, that Germans are the "salt of the earth", and that Germany has been "divinely appointed" to govern the whole earth. For such, in effect, has been the Prussian gospel, and such the German "education" and evangel. At all events, there can be no question whatever of the German mind having become thus thoroughly poisoned, obsessed, and dominated. Accordingly, the German mind, being essentially dense, obtuse, and full of "caves and hiding-places", is exceedingly hard to disillusionise—being, in addition to all that already enumerated, dull, obdurate, and extremely tenacious. Hence the actual importance of beginning at once to treat such a malady and to endeavour to restore the diseased German mind to normal conditions. And surely we are afforded an excellent opportunity, right now, to begin so good a work. Nor do I think that there could be any better beginning than the supplying of German prisoners, wherever they may be stationed, with German editions of the Allies' side of the question, as well as with like editions of the views of writers and observers

in neutral countries. For what could be so good or what else so likely to convince German minds of the falsity of the teachings of their Prussian masters, as such literature? Surely it would be worth while trying. Nor need the cost be great. If not the books in full of such authors as J. A. Cramb ("Germany and England"); of Dr. Chas. Sarolea ("The Anglo-German Problem"); of Frederick Palmer ("My Year of the Great War"); and of Richard Harding Davis ("With the Allies"): then selected transcriptions of them, pamphlet duplicates of newspaper and magazine contributions and addresses, as those from such American authorities and writers as Theodore Roosevelt (and from his book, "America and the World War"); Prof. Eliot (on "America's Duty in Relation to the War"); J. M. Beck (on "The Evidence of the Case"); Prof. Samuel Harden Church's "Reply to Ninety-three German Professors"; Dr. Morton Price's "View of the War"; Chas. Francis Adams's notable "Letter" in London "Spectator"; George Haven Putnam's numerous and able contributions to the American Press and magazines; John Burroughs's noble protest, as in article contributed to "New York Tribune"; not to mention a number more: some sixty at least, among American writers. Then our gallant Allies should do just the same. I cannot conceive of anything more likely, or quite so likely, to conduce to the disillusion of the German mind. At any rate, it would cause some to think and to ask questions. The seed should be sown, at all events. The harvest might prove scant, because of the poor soil; but then again it might prove more bountiful than we think. It is certain, however, that the German mind must in some wise become disillusionised, whether by shells or pure reason. It took the European Allies many years, and England nearly eighteen years, to crush Napoleonism, and to restore the French mind to sanity; and it has already taken more than two years to make any impression at all on the obdurate and dense German mind; and, as yet, the impression is but infinitesimal, and the cost in life and treasure well-nigh incredible. Nevertheless, the task has to be done and the "cure" effected. It would be well, however, to omit no opportunity to speed the good work by every means in our power, apart from the mouth of the cannon. German heads are indeed tough and round, but they must be to a certain extent vulnerable, else they could never have become so inoculated and obsessed by Prussian influences, or subject to Prussian teachings.

Moreover, I do not really believe that the German people, as distinguished from the Prussians, are innately treacherous, dishonest, and inhuman; or as they have made themselves to appear throughout this war. Their minds are, no doubt, singularly formed and full of "caves and hiding-places", but I can never believe the German people to be altogether void of humanity and virtue. The fact is that for the last forty years the German mind has been practised upon darkly and subtly by dexterous, rapacious, and utterly despotic and unscrupulous hands, and German literature and the German schools have been prostituted to a bloody end, or to purely military and despotic ends and "Weltpolitik". Thus poisoned, thus directed, and thus prostituted, who can wonder at the metamorphosis of the German mind and nature? Let us, then, seek to help the German people to rid themselves of their Prussian yoke, and thereby become enabled to trust instead of dreading them, rather than seek to destroy them, or Germany, altogether. But let there be no mercy for Prussian bureaucracy or for the Kaiser and the Hohenzollern dynasty. These must be destroyed!

Yours, etc.,
JOHN OXENDON.

MINISTERS AND IMPEACHMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Does Mr. Birrell receive a pension? I ask, as justice would demand his settling it on the police officials who were "broken" because they loyally tried to prevent importation of arms to Ireland. As it is right that a

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retiring servant who has helped his country should have a pension, so it is wrong if he has failed in his duty.

High office (with high emoluments) implies great responsibility, and yet Lord Haldane talks as if, when a man has manœuvred himself into office, the onus of stimulating him to do his duty rests with the people! We see far too many discredited folk still hanging on, instead of hanging up! Mr. Asquith, quite naturally, does not like the precedent of Admiral Byng; but surely any Minister who has failed in his trust should be not rewarded, but impeached. When, in 1914, I wrote you suggesting this you—very courteously—refused to publish my letter, as you considered the "united front" essential. But now that the "united front" has been shown (and Conservatives sacrificed themselves to save the Government) and the nation's manhood (and womanhood) shown its splendour, surely you may use the weight of your authority to more drastic criticism?

We may trust that the nation has learnt to distrust those who offer them doles for votes, and will remember the thousands of lives and millions of money lost in Radical misgovernment. We may trust they will no longer be led by mere cupidity to believe in "refreshing fruit", or "robbing of henroosts", in blatant talk of "digging out" the German Navy, in the benevolence of Germany as a "spiritual home", in bounders who apologise for Lord Roberts, or imbeciles who stuck to the Declaration of London. But memories are short, and, if we succeed in "muddling through", they might still vote for some of the preposterous crew, instead of insisting that in due time all shall be duly arraigned.

Yours truly,
H. SOAMES.

THE BRITISH CONSULAR SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Grimsby, 24 August 1916.

SIR,—A few weeks since you published a letter from me on this subject, and I made a suggestion that only thoroughbred British subjects ought to represent the British Empire in foreign countries. I did not think that my letter would have sufficient force to remedy the ancient Government weakness in such matters: they don't reform without irresistible pressure, as is shown by the most recent example in connection with Rotterdam. The news of their latest performance has, of course, astonished the nation, and even though matters have been somewhat improved by influential agitation the Government's plan for dealing with future appointments is absolutely unsatisfactory, and must be upset.

Loyal Britons (with high scholarly gifts) have exposed their lives to the Hun barbarians for the protection of our land and homes, and many of these heroes have scars (seals of their devotion and evidence of their patriotism). Such men should be offered positions of honour and trust, and every German, whether thoroughbred, half-bred, naturalised, or unnaturalised, should be invited to retire from the service of the British Government immediately.

I will never believe that any German has inborn aims and aspirations for Briton's welfare in preference to his love for his dear Fatherland; and, further, such affection for England as some profess I am disposed to regard with grave suspicion.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM H. MARRIS.

THE NEXT ELECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

94 Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.,
1 August 1916.

SIR,—The political situation at the present moment is not calculated to inspire confidence. Whichever side one is inclined to follow and whatever view one takes of the general position, without lending too credulous an ear to

the rumours that fly about, the outlook is perplexing. The arguments for as well as against an immediate general election are weighty, but there is one point which should be considered by every section of the public as absolutely settled beyond question. Whether the war terminates this or next year, or any time, it must be distinctly understood that a general election is to be held *before peace terms can be finally settled*. Once this was recognised, the political atmosphere would be cleared of possibilities which are perhaps vague at the present moment, but which might develop into disastrous realities. A great deal hangs on this point.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR LOVELL.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Poe's greatness as an artist has been so well defined by Miss Bloch that it may appear supererogatory to give further detail in support: still I venture.

"The Golden Bug", "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", and other like stories were certainly original in form, and I think to them we owe Gaboriau's and Boigobey's novels. Again, M. Charles Dupin, in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", is original in his method as a detective; he marks Poe's strange power of analytic criticism. I cannot but think that Dupin is the prototype of Sherlock Holmes; there is likeness even in detail of method. And I think this though fully aware of the source to which Holmes is generally referred.

Perhaps Poe's power of intellectual analysis is best shown in his "prospective notice" of "Barnaby Rudge". This was published in 1847 (1 May) in the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, when only a few of the earlier numbers of Dickens's novel had reached America. Therein Poe anticipates what Dickens carefully and successfully conceals from the ordinary reader until Rudge, near the end of the book, confesses. Poe prophesies that Rudge will turn out to be alive, and the murderer not only of Haredale, but of the gardener. And he marks, too, that after the murder Rudge seized and held his wife by the wrist. Dickens writes that the wife seized Rudge by the wrist—but Poe's prophetic suggestion best explains the effect on Barnaby's mother! I have always felt that Dickens made a mistake, and that Poe knew much better what really took place! Incidentally I may notice that when Poe wrote his "prospective notice" Dickens was subject to much violent critical objection: Poe even then fully understood his supremacy as an artist.

I fear that no existing writer will live as a master as Poe lives and will live.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

BRITON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Switzerland,
18 August 1916.

SIR,—When will the psychological force and the eminent fitness of the word "Briton" as a designation for every son of the British Empire dawn upon the British mind?

The puzzling, baffling differences between the "canny Scot", the "dogged English", the "mystic Welsh", the "devil-may-care Irish", as well as that group on a small island so proudly conscious of being Norman—these differences, so tenderly cherished, the pride and joy of the inhabitants of the British Isles, and without which life would lose its savour for them, are not enough appreciated and understood by the world at large, especially upon the Continent.

Like "Sentimental Tommy", one feels the need of a special word which will cover the whole ground and be a worthy shelter for the English, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Irish, and their mighty offspring, the Canadians, the

Australians, the New Zealanders, and the loyal Indians as well.

Briton! It is a word to conjure with in these days. It is a word with trails of glory.

Yours sincerely,
M. P. LETIZIA.

"A SLANG PHRASE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 August 1916.

SIR,—I don't quite understand the point of Mr. Alcock's letter in your last issue.

I believe (but am, of course, open to correction) that "I don't think", as modern slang, properly follows a negative question or assertion, and means "I am quite sure of the contrary". It was used in this sense by Grandfather Smallweed in 1853, but no doubt someone had said "I do not think" even before Marcius.

With reference to what I mentioned about Miss Whisk (in "Bleak House") being the pioneer Suffragette, Mrs. Jellyby, who at a later period of her life interested herself in the question of women sitting in Parliament, has perhaps a prior claim to this distinction, and her prophetic instincts may yet be realised.

Yours faithfully,

W.

"IN PRAISE OF MUD."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chichester Harbour.

SIR,—I suppose that few people have a good word to say for mud, especially in these days when we know what suffering and discomfort it has brought to our soldiers in France, Belgium, and Flanders; but the mud whose praises I would sing is not that of the ditch and the trench, but that which, lying beneath the salt green waters of this long creek, appears only when they recede and the tide is low.

Fresh and gleaming from that cool encounter, with what subtle lure of silver and of gold does it respond to the rising or the setting sun, and who that wanders abroad in the night shall quarrel then with its sombre, murky outlines, when the moon with point of silver paints in the crisp edges of the rippling waters beneath in jagged lines of white brilliance?

The narrow stream idles down to the sea between these banks of mud; glowing cornfields ripe to harvest gleam above them, and across the lush meadows—green even in this month of dryness—the homing cattle, and beyond them a curl of blue smoke mid distant trees, give an impression of quiet farmsteads near at hand, and the peaceful ending of the day's work.

Long lines of purple and amber stretch out on either side, dotted here and there with little pools reflecting in their shallow cups the golden sky above, and tussocks of blue-green grasses mingle with the soft lilac of the sea-lavender, whilst the russets and browns of the seaweeds are cut now and again by a vivid patch of emerald green.

Gulls, terns, and wild duck are busy in the mud, and, stalking lightly over that deceitful surface, they tempt the children playing on the shore to follow where only they can tread; scores of plover are to be seen, and with a plaintive cry they wing their drooping flight over the marshes, while "the eles foe the heronn" lazily follows on ponderous wing.

These waters were once much used by smugglers, and one can well imagine that they were able sometimes to lure their pursuers on to the shallows, and that the friendly mud thus proved their aider and abettor.

It is said that the "Christian bell" of Bosham Church was seized by pagans and taken down the Channel in the pirates' ship, but that it refused to remain in such hands, and sank through the deck and hold of the vessel into the deep mud of Bosham Creek, where to this day it may be heard miraculously chiming in with the bells of the distant

church. If this be true, it bears out in practical fashion those lines of Emerson's—

"But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings".

Yours faithfully,

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

INSTINCT OR INTELLECT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 August 1916.

SIR,—Your all too short but most interesting review of Mr. Smith's book in issue of 12 August deals with one of the most fascinating of the riddles which confront the human mind. In reading your article I was greatly struck by the analogy between the inferential processes of the animal mind and those of the human mind in its early stages. The case of the monkey and the blanket is exactly similar to that of my daughter who, at the age of four or five months, discovered that things out of reach on the table could be brought within reach by pulling the tablecloth. Again, the experiment you mention with the bolt opening a door is analogous to an amusing performance she used to go through at a rather later stage. After seeing my wife crack brazil nuts—an operation sometimes of considerable difficulty, and accompanied by severe contraction of the facial muscles and deepened colour—she would get hold of the crackers (by either end), and, placing a nut against them—not in the jaws—screw up her face until it was purple.

Are we not entitled to infer that the quality of the animal mind is the same as that of the human, and that the limitations of the former are due merely to arrested development?

You give it as your opinion that the "homing instinct" is not independent of experience; but is this view borne out by the case of Henri Fabre's cat, which, when his master moved to another part of the town across a river, returned to its old home, not by way of the bridge over which it had come, but by swimming the river?

You may be interested in the following dog story, which seems to involve an unusually complicated chain of inference. It is perfectly authentic, the incident having been repeated many times. The dog—a setter, I believe—developed the habit of staying out all night. If he came back in the morning before the men of the family had gone to business his reward was a good hiding, whereas when the castigation was administered by one of his mistresses it had no terrors for him. Accordingly, when he had failed to turn up at night, he posted himself next morning at the junction of two roads—at least half-a-mile from the house—which my friend, the last of the males to leave in the morning, had to pass on his way to town. As soon as my friend came in sight the dog tore down the side road until he felt he was safe, then settled down to a comfortable trot and made his way home to breakfast by a circuitous route.

Please forgive this filthy script, as I write under difficulties.

Yours truly,

GROUP 46.

TUBERCULIN DISCARDED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26, St. Paul's Road,

Clifton, Bristol.

SIR,—The action of the Hull doctors in giving up the use of tuberculin for sanatorium patients on the ground that its disadvantages outweigh its advantages is a serious impeachment of anti-toxin medication in general.

According to the "British Medical Journal", 29 May last, page 763, tuberculin administration has been discontinued at the Midhurst Sanatorium.

Quarter of a century ago Koch announced his anti-toxin culture from the tubercle bacillus as a cure for pulmonary tuberculosis, with the result that consumptives crowded to Berlin to undergo the treatment, and all died there. A

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doctor who had returned from Berlin, where, at the time, he had gone to study the "cure", told a client that the deaths amongst those treated with tuberculin were eight or nine daily. Another doctor, who had witnessed the experiments made with it on patients in Bristol, said he had seen one of the patients trembling so violently that the bed shook under her, and that he would rather die of the old form of consumption. Then Koch wrote that it took eight times as much tuberculin to affect a guinea pig as it did to affect a man, so a person had died of an overdose. Koch further wrote that not only did the guinea pig differ from man in the quantity of tuberculin it required to affect it, but that the tuberculin had a different kind of effect on it. These adverse and anomalous experiences did not abate the zeal of the bacteriologists and serum therapists, and during the past twenty-five years ceaseless experiments upon animals and upon human patients, and interminable speculations based upon them, have been made. Experiments to ascertain if pulmonary tuberculosis be infectious? If the bovine tubercle bacillus be communicable to the human species in milk or meat? If it be communicable from one animal to another through food or by inoculation? The results of all these extensive and exhaustive experiments is conflicting and inconclusive.

Dr. Batty Shaw, one of the collectors of evidence in favour of the use of tuberculin, in an address published in the "British Medical Journal" of 3 May 1913, said of the statistics which he collected and published in 1905, purporting to show that in cases treated with tuberculin a much larger percentage of permanently good results was obtained than in cases treated without tuberculin:—"It may be argued that these figures are quite good enough. At the time I wrote the article I thought so, too; but subsequent experience has shown that cases reported to be cured too often broke down again later, that 'permanent good results' gave place to permanent and final bad ones, and that physicians are not sufficiently skilled in making mathematical deductions." He further said:—"Our 'impressions' of proof of cure have been put into the scales and are found wanting."

The tuberculin cure, at the time of its announcement, was exploited as a strong proof of the value of vivisection, and defeat of the anti-vivisectionists. And now all the elaborate experimentation, research, and expectation culminate in its rejection on the admission that the disadvantages from its administration outweigh the advantages. The explosion of this colossal bacteriological delusion, which has enslaved medical science for quarter of a century, is another instance confirming the admission made in the "British Medical Journal" of 27 May 1911, that:—

"Remedies and modes of treatment, like the systems of philosophy and the fashions of dress, have their little day and cease to be. Back numbers of medical journals are graveyards of dead theories, of which the various forms of quackery surviving are the ghosts."

I am, Sir, yours truly,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

BIOLOGICAL NECESSITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There is some danger that, as the prospect of peace draws nearer, we and our Allies may overlook a strong point made out by the Germans on their own behalf—that audacious claim of a biological necessity for the German Empire to expand at the expense of others. Biological necessity is no less a contradiction in terms among men and nations than among lower organisms. That system of phenomena which we call Nature knows nothing of necessity, and however it may flourish in the little states of tyrants, in her kingdom its writ does not run. Necessity so-called is always contingent, and is never absolute. This pseudo-scientific claim is taught by professors who, not without much beer and tobacco, have learnt their Darwinism badly in museums and laboratories rather than in the realm of Nature. If they had studied more widely

the history of the animal world they would have found no necessity, but an ever-present balance of power. Was not dear Traddles nearer to the truth of things than the bespectacled German biologist, when—in answer to Mrs. Micawber's remark: "What is the conclusion to which I am irresistibly brought? Am I wrong in saying it is clear that we must live"—he said: "Not at all"? Such a claim as that of the Germans is as wide of the mark as it would be for some loud-voiced Treitschke of the *Felidae*, that strong, swift, cunning family, to be set up before the assembled world of animals announcing to all and sundry that now this great family must expand and rule over all, and to hand out ultimatums to the effect that force—their force—must prevail. To which the answer of Nature would be, as always: "Not a word and a blow, but a blow without a word". So to-day the answer of Europe to the *Felidae* of Europe must be: "We do not see the necessity".

Yours, etc.,

WALTER KIDD, M.D., F.R.S.E.

"THE DECAY OF FAITH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 August 1916.

SIR,—This correspondence constitutes one more of constantly recurring symptoms of the instinctive craving of man for a fixed object of faith. What is the true object of faith? The usual answer to this is that God is the supreme object of faith. Faith, however, must be founded on knowledge, for, as Browning says: "How love, except they know?" But, as was anciently said, God, being infinite, cannot be known in Himself, but only in and through the medium of His Word, or *logos*—i.e., in and through Christ the Word. For man, therefore, the fixed object of faith must be the "Word" of God. But what is the "Word" (considered apart from the printed matter of the Old and New Testaments, which are to be taken as the history of the "Word" and not as the "Word" itself) which in St. John's Gospel is identified with Christ?

This question was notably raised by the late Canon T. Mozley, a friend of Pusey and Newman, in his book, "The Word", where he says: "Little has been heard of the 'Word' since the establishment of Christian theology, when it was shoved into a corner, although, strange to say, this 'Word' was once the most important term in all theology, in all thought, in all history in the greatest cities and universities". He adds, "I am sure we ought to know what St. John meant by 'logos', and also to take our stand upon it".

Before the Churches speak of the "decay of faith", it seems to me to be incumbent on them to answer the question: What was the "Word" which Christ preached, which in the New Testament is variously referred to as the "Word of the Kingdom", the "Word of Salvation", the "Word of Faith", the "Word of Good Tidings", the "Word that Abideth for Ever", the "Word of Righteousness", the "Ingrafted Word", the "Word of Reconciliation", etc.? I assuredly believe that in this "Word" is to be found the guiding and abiding object of faith. "Order is Heaven's first law", and I can conceive that the overriding "Word" is expressive of the manner, order, or way of the Kingdom, for it is spoken of as a "pattern of doctrine", "the form of knowledge and of the truth", and "the law of God after the inward man". Here is hidden treasure worth seeking by the Churches. Christ, the greatest of all intellectuals, openly indicated the right path of progress, if man would but see it, when by one grand generalisation he summed up all the multiplicity of the matter of the law and the prophets, and brought it within the fixed order enshrined in the great Commandment. The order of faculties therein specified surely constitutes the "manner" of the Kingdom, and our Lord evidently prescribed self-knowledge or "entering in", so that men should learn the special functions dictated by the nature and right exercise of those faculties.

Obediently yours,

GURNEY HORNER.

REVIEWS.

A NEW CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

"The Brook Kerith." By George Moore. Warner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. GEORGE MOORE has come to be regarded as something of an enfant terrible in modern letters. His candour, his personalities, his audacity, wilfulness, and "blazing indiscretions" are often as disconcerting to his friends as to his enemies, to those who swear by or swear at him. No one can tell where and when he will "break out", or how far his passion for self-expression will lead him in the exposure of himself and of men and women whom he has known. But those who imagine that Mr. Moore takes a wicked delight in shocking or offending the tastes and susceptibilities of the public are as far from understanding his temperament as are others who regard him as a charlatan industriously beating the big drum to call attention to himself. Mr. George Moore is neither poseur nor charlatan. He is one of the most conscientious artists creating in our midst. He writes, not for the praise and plaudits of the public—he is singularly indifferent to its opinion—but, primarily, as all true artists work, under an inner compulsion to please or to express himself.

In choosing for his subject a story into which he introduces sacred personages, and in which he adds—with many an ingenious and individual twist—his own gloss to the Gospel narrative, he may be acquitted at the outset of a deliberate desire to offend. That his book will give pain and distress to many devout people there can be no gainsaying. Mr. Moore is totally regardless of their feelings. He throws them no sop; he rationalises the sacred narrative in a manner that outstrips the most daring flights of Renan, and does not hesitate to put into the mouth of Jesus words and speeches of his own devising, often strikingly discordant with the spirit of the utterances recorded in the Gospels. Nor can the description of Jesus himself, with his "thin scrannel throat" and prominent nose and chin, and the disciples, at whose illiteracy, uncleanness, and greediness Mr. Moore pokes mild fun, do otherwise than offend Christian sentiment. But discounting these irreverencies and, it must be admitted, occasional flippancies, it is worth while to inquire what Mr. Moore set out to do, and, disregarding the question whether it was worth doing, to see how far he has fulfilled his purpose. The basic idea of Mr. Moore's book is not new. It is founded on an old legend which made Jesus an Essene monk. The Essenes were a body of Jewish mystics who, disbelieving in the Jewish ritual and sacrifices of the Temple, dwelt apart in the desolate tracts on the western shore of the Dead Sea. Jesus did not die on the Cross, but was secretly brought back to the brethren by Joseph of Arimathea.

On the foundation of this legend Mr. Moore has built a vast superstructure. With the aid of his own glowing imagination and certain marked preconceptions he has reconstructed the past and has given an elaborate and sometimes convincing picture of the life and manner of the period. The first part of the book, which deals with the youth and early manhood of Joseph of Arimathea, is a fine piece of writing, with many passages of haunting beauty. In scheme, treatment, and sometimes in style it is reminiscent of Pater's "Marius the Epicurean". Here we have the same sort of dream-struck youth, pensive, wistful, mystic, with a hieratic scrupulosity that predisposes him from the start to the religious life. Intent on fulfilling with rigour all the demands of his religion, we see him struck by an undefined undercurrent of gloom as he comes to realise that orthodox religion fails to satisfy the cravings of his heart. So he courts and tests in turn the various religious systems and philosophies of the day. Now he is caught by the doctrine of the Pharisees and now by the Heraclitean idea of perpetual flux, but he finds no resting-place until he meets Jesus of Nazareth. He falls at once

under the spell of his magnetic personality and would gladly give up all to follow him and be his disciple; but, being a man of "great possessions", he has to realise that he can only do this by sacrificing his father and friends. The struggle between filial and religious piety is well depicted, and Joseph is left, sorrowing, to see Jesus no more until, after the crucifixion, he begs his body from his friend Pilate. He nurses the tortured body back to life and restores Jesus to the Essenes to carry on for many years the work he loved as shepherd. Joseph himself disappears from the story, killed, we are led to suppose, by zealots in Jerusalem who suspect his complicity in the Nazarene heresy. There is a meeting between Jesus and Paul at the monastery, when the apostle angrily refuses to believe that the Jesus he meets is the Jesus whose resurrection he is preaching. And the book ends with a vague suggestion that Jesus goes to India to join a body of monks whose doctrines are similar to his own. Jesus—Buddha: there is an implied connection. What of the character of Jesus? It cannot be said that Mr. Moore has pictured him as a great or even fine man. He is a self-deluded fanatic, a victim of megalomania, whose moods alternate swiftly from gentle piety to black rage and vindictiveness. The meek and lowly Jesus is lost in the man of fixed ideas, who "seemed to hate all he looked upon". He is not even a splendid failure, for after Calvary he renounces all he had lived for. He sees in his sufferings only the punishment on one who had acclaimed himself God. He repents of the "evil seed he has sown", and proclaims to Paul that "the pursuit of a corruptible crown as well as the pursuit of an incorruptible crown leads us to sin. If we would reach the sinless state we must relinquish pursuit." He preaches, in fact, a doctrine of passivity. It will be seen that Mr. Moore leaves us not even the Perfect Man, the ideal figure and pattern for our example upheld for our admiration by many who deny his deity. He gives us a pallid, invertebrate figure, whose magnetism, although he writes about it, he has utterly failed to convey. If we are to have a very human Jesus, it was necessary for the success of his enterprise that the author should first of all convince us of his reality. But Mr. Moore hesitates and vacillates. He does not seem to have made up his own mind about the character of Jesus, and the impression he leaves is cloudy and obscure. It fails to illuminate or convince. It does not bear the stamp of truth. We turn from it with relief to the simple, forcible Gospel narrative which no man's hand has yet been successful in improving.

But even though we consider that Mr. Moore has failed in his purpose of presenting a plausible theory of the story that transformed the world, his book is not to be dismissed lightly as a thing of no value. Viewed without prejudice—and we feel the difficulty of escaping prejudice—it is a noteworthy work of imaginative art, which deserves to be read for its own sake, and, as such, can stand, without apology, on its own merits.

THE ODD MAN IN THE BALKANS.

"The Nomads of the Balkans." By A. J. B. Wace and M. S. Thompson. Methuen. 15s. net.

IF, in the days before the war, and on the road in what used to be Macedonia, a traveller met with strangers who could not be classified immediately either by their language or their politics he would first curse the fate which confronted him with a new tongue and a new set of racial prejudices. If the newcomers were clearly enough not pure Slav in type, yet were rather subtly free from the swagger of the Albanian and the obtrusive smoothness of the Greek; were, on the whole, slighter in build and natter in appearance than most of the natives he had encountered, and, above all, if they were palpably muleteers by calling, then he would guess that he had fallen among Vlachs. It is easy to travel a long while in the

Peninsula without striking a Vlach settlement. For one thing, there are not, comparatively speaking, many of them. For another, they are uniformly inaccessible, the favourite position (naturally, as Sir Charles Eliot remarks, somewhat rare) being "a hole on the top of a hill". They take the further precaution of being seldom at home. For more than half the year their higher villages are under snow, and the northern ranges of Pindus, where the Vlachs mostly congregate, offer cold comfort to the rest, so that with the close of summer the great bulk of the inhabitants make a periodic exodus to certain chosen towns in the plains. To this disposition, at once retiring and nomadic, and to a characteristic immunity from the passion for politics which inspires the rest of the Balkans, the Vlachs owe the fact that, during five centuries of Turkish rule, they were but little molested either by the tax-gatherers or the police of their conquerors.

While the Turk systematically levied impartial war on each of the other Christian races in his loosely held empire as it became strong enough to foreshadow the promise of trouble, he left the Vlachs alone, in almost unrestricted enjoyment of their customs and traditions. A more serious disintegrating force than Ottoman rule has been the inability of Vlach to hold out, as a national language, against Greek, which the shepherds coming down from Pindus into Thessaly have been obliged to speak in the towns, and the dependence, which was complete until 1905, of the Vlach churches and schools on the local representatives of the Greek patriarchate. In the latter year the Vlachs were constituted a separate "millet" by the Porte—the result of Roumania's discovery that, as a self-respecting Balkan State, she must put forward some sort of claim in Macedonia to balance those of Greece, Serbia and Bulgaria, and so qualify to enter an appearance when the Sick Man's inheritance came to be meted out. As things happened, Roumania found a more practical method of asserting herself at the critical moment. But, while it lasted, her propaganda, directed by the zeal and genius of Apostolo Margariti and aided by the anxiety of the Turks to play off any one set of gjaours against any other, met with a success which, considering its material, was startling. Apostolo, a Vlach who had made his fortune in Bukarest, and, like his compatriots, had been quite content to regard himself as politically a Greek, developed, after a journey through the Vlach districts and the discovery that their inhabitants were the long-lost brothers of Roumania, all the fervour of a convert, and for a while quite overcame the natural disinclination of the Vlachs to worry about high policy. He successfully started them on the search for those evidences of past greatness which are the stock-in-trade of the ethnographic competition in the Balkans. The authors of this book treat them as seriously as M. Bérard does frivolously, and their interest is now more academic than ever. There is little doubt that the tendency of the Vlachs to lose their identity and merge it into their Greek environment will now become more and more marked, and the special merit of the investigations made, with exemplary thoroughness and patience, by Messrs. Wace and Thompson is that they have been made at the latest possible moment before the available material was in serious danger of being dispersed.

The greater part of the book is devoted to a detailed account of Samarina, probably the most characteristic of the Pindus settlements. Thanks to its seclusion, it has hardly ever been visited by Europeans—even the industrious Leake did not go there—and has preserved its traditions comparatively unaffected by change. The customs connected with birth, death, and above all with marriage, point to a folklore of interest and considerable beauty. Much of it is common to the Vlachs and Greeks on the one side and to the Vlachs and the Slav races of the Balkans on the other, and it is difficult to say which of the songs that accompany rites Christian in their association, but quite plainly pagan in origin, are specifically Vlach. The "Pirpiruna" custom, for instance, by which in

a springtide drought a young girl is stripped, dressed in leaves, and taken in procession through the villages is found in one form or another throughout the Peninsula from Roumania to Northern Greece (but not in the south); only among the Vlachs is it an annual event; it is probably of Slavonic origin and connected with the name of Perun, the Thunder-God. In the same way the mumming festivities, which take place in most of the Balkan States at various seasons, and are preserved with peculiar vigour among the Vlachs, suggest the Dionysiac rites, though the fact that these, too, are unknown south of Thessaly suggests an argument to the contrary. Modern Vlach is prolific in songs, clearly showing Greek influence and akin in treatment as well as very often in subject to the Klephtic ballads. The latter end of a peculiarly extortionate brigand named Karadzhas, no longer ago than 1880, is celebrated at Samarina in verses beginning:

"Birds of Ghrevena and nightingales of Komati, when you go down to the Agrapha and down into Greece, give the news to the klephts and to all the captains; they have slain Karadzhas at desert Komati";

and even the war of 1897 is already enshrined in a local ballad.

As the result of this last campaign Samarina was left nearer to Thessaly, in which, since the expulsion of the Turks in 1912-13, it is now incorporated. This helps the prosperity of the villages on Pindus, seriously impaired after the cession of Thessaly to Greece by the interposition of a frontier between their summer and winter quarters. But it does so, of course, at the cost of exposing the Vlachs in greatly increased measure to the Hellenising influences which menace their racial individuality. Their disappearance will in all probability be rapid, though the Balkans are always full of ethnological surprises and survivals; if so, it will be a matter for regret, tempered, however, by the fact that the industry of Mr. Wace and Mr. Thompson has given us a record of nearly all that is worth remembering about them.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

"Welfare Work: Employers' Experiments for Improving Working Conditions in Factories." By E. Dorothea Proud. With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George. Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.

THE strife between masters and servants, between those who pay for work and those who work for pay, comes from the depths of human nature. It has been active in every type of society, its evolution ranging from the most primitive slavery to the most recent strikes and lock-outs, which are phases of planned civil war. These extremes, considered in their relation to citizen ideals, are almost equally vicious, for they come from the action of disruptive force within the organic life of a community. Something good can be said with truth about primitive slavery, while no word of praise can be given justly to strikes, by those who think. The earliest slavery rescued prisoners of war from death and turned them from gipsies into serfs of the soil. Despite all its evils, then, it was useful and necessary in the long and tragic evolution from nomadism to tribal farm life. And the ownership of slaves, like the ownership of horses and cattle, taught fierce tribesmen to value increasingly all living signs and proofs of their rank and wealth and power. In fact, welfare work had its origin on a good many primitive farms, where the self-interest of reasonable barbarians threw a protection of rough kindness over all live stock, including the slaves.

As time went on, and civilisation became ever more and more intricate, self-interest became a much stronger motive-power behind the acts of masters and behind the desires of servants; but the strife remained comparatively simple until the development of steam-engines and the factory system made trade and commerce into a vast conflict between many rival

nations, as well as into a much sterner contest between labour and capital in each separate nation. This transformation from sailing ships to steamers, and from slow handicraft to industries governed by machines, was a tremendous revolution, and so rapid that in a little more than a century it altered the whole ordering of British society. Our population grew from sixteen millions in 1801 to forty-five millions in 1911, and contrasts between amazing wealth and prolific failure multiplied year after year as acres of green field were improvised by the hundred into jerry-built districts of hideous gloom. Darwin wrote: "It is impossible not to regret bitterly, but whether wisely is another question, the rate at which man tends to increase, for this leads . . . in civilised nations to abject poverty, to celibacy, and to the late marriages of the prudent". The industrial revolution added enormously to these evils in the struggle for life; it manufactured social problems almost as varied as its textile goods, and none can guess what the final result will be.

Miss Proud has studied this period of our history with the greatest care, learning its past from the best authorities and its present from many sources, including long and patient research at first-hand in shops and factories. An Australian by birth and by school training, she is at times too young in her colonising fervour, forgetting that ideas and principles in economics have much in common with prescriptions in medical practice, because they cannot be standardised into universal remedies, their value depending on different climates and customs and constitutions. Her mind is Radical, and Radicalism in old and crowded countries is inevitably a harmful irritant, as neither age nor crowds can scamper into progress. Thwarted by the law of evolution, which never hurries, Radicalism becomes hysterical and breeds new troubles in half-frenzied efforts to get rid in haste of the old. Miss Proud is certainly moderate as a Radical economist, dealing with things as they are, and trying to be a peacemaker in her chapters. But yet her Radicalism shows itself, and takes her away from some questions of essential importance. She has little to say about the many housing problems, for example, though welfare work cannot do much good until the Conservative ideal of home begins to displace the improvised tenements and the sordid streets which a Radicalised life, based on the doctrines of free imports and cheapness, has imposed on overgrown towns. Progress comes from good parentage and good homes.

Yet Miss Proud defines welfare work only as voluntary efforts on the part of employers to improve, within the existing industrial system, the conditions of labour in their own factories. As well define marriage as voluntary efforts on the part of men to make domestic life comfortable and happy. As wives have to play their part in the vicissitudes of the married union, so workers must play their part in the voluntary efforts which must ease the strife between labour and capital. True welfare work demands reason and good-will from all who are concerned in the prosperity of a business. Mr. Lloyd George admits in his Preface that those who work for pay are often unjust to those who pay for work. He admits this fact in the statement that during the war "many workers"—not all workers, please note—"have desisted from the endeavour to regulate the supply and restrict the output of labour". To claim high wages while restricting the output of work is an act so aggressive and so much at odds with honourable conduct that it breeds suspicion and repels good-will. And we must remember also that the Trades Disputes Act, which placed the trade unions beyond the reach of the law of contract and of tort, is also an agency that favours industrial warfare by subordinating the common good to the votes of those who toil seldom with their brains and long with their bodies. Before welfare work can pass into an atmosphere of peace three things must occur:

1. The Trades Disputes Act must be repealed

because it invites the trade unions to be Prussian in their attitude towards force;

2. Arbitration must take the place of strikes; and

3. Great reforms must make their beginning both in parentage and in the most intricate housing problems. During July the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had to investigate cases of neglect and cruelty affecting the health of more than eleven thousand children.

What welfare workers can do at the present time should be studied in this book, and we note, too, that Miss Proud collects a vast number of facts from the early tragic days of the industrial revolution. Just a century ago it was very exceptional for children to work "only" sixty-six effective hours in a week. Many toiled for more than thirteen hours a day, their weekly aggregate ranging from eighty-two to eighty-four and a half hours, and usually under very bad conditions. Yet students of colliery history know that parents were often opposed to beneficent legislation. The health of delicate workers, of women and children, is of sovereign importance to welfare secretaries, and another matter of incessant public concern is the technical training of boys after they have passed, at the age of fourteen, from compulsory education to wage-earning. A great many fathers give little attention to this matter, and trade unions are slack and lethargic towards it, while employers in an increasing number of cases serve the State and their own interests by compelling their boy servants to attend continuation classes.

Mr. Lloyd George relates how he founded the Welfare Department at the Ministry of Munitions, and how many controlled establishments have followed suit. He hopes that the rest will fall into line, because the movement preserves the health and the happiness of workers, relieves harassed employers of stress and strain, and gains a larger and speedier output of munition. Welfare secretaries may be described as the diplomats of industry, who labour tactfully in the cause of peace and health, trying always to soften asperities, to get rid of suspicions and old prejudices, "and to build a bridge of sympathy and understanding between employer and employed". Much invaluable work is being done, but it cannot be work of permanent value unless trade unionism goes away from its creed of war and proves its citizenship by offering to submit all disputes to the justice of arbitration courts. Industrial contests between many nations are not at all likely to be friends to peace, while smaller contests of the same sort in each country breed quarrels and organise strikes. It is at home, not at The Hague, that every industrial nation needs a Palace of Peace.

TWO IRISHMEN TALKING.

"Omnia: The Autobiography of an Irish Octogenarian." By J. F. Fuller. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

"The End of a Chapter." By Shane Leslie. Constable. 5s. net.

GAYER at eighty than many men are at fifty, saved twice from imminent danger of death by drowning, a born Bohemian, a successful architect, an expert in heraldry who can boast, after lengthy research, his trente deux quartiers in descent, Mr. Fuller is certainly a remarkable man. He begins with too much quotation, and is likely to irritate readers by his habit of skipping to and fro in his narrative; but he has much that is amusing to tell, and tells it well. A lapse into journalese like "materialise" is not frequent, and, though not a professed scholar, Mr. Fuller made at an early age a Latin joke. He presents us with a number of casual remarks on religious writers, heraldic wrongs, the meaning of words, social changes, and the art of becoming old and hearty. Though these dissertations are well enough in their way, we should prefer more Irish stories. Those we get show how admirably Mr. Fuller and men like him

an score off the sour-complexioned or impertinent. Some of his doings were justified only by gaiety of heart, but that is the best of excuses. He has evidently cherished an independent spirit all his life, for he has refused to shave, and given away his top hat as soon as possible. He saved a young companion from a premature entanglement with an actress by pointing out that the gaze always fixed on the enraptured one was really a squint, which did not act for the other side of the theatre. He wrote for two rival architectural journals at once, refuting his own views on the Gothic revival, and he has had some success as a novelist, which has introduced him to men like Leslie Stephen and James Payn, whose letters and photographs are reproduced. Going into the Army with the expectation of getting a job which suited him, he got out of it when he was disappointed, and proved formidable, if anonymous, critic of military arrangements.

He strenuously denies one feature of the Paddy of the comic papers; he has never seen or heard of an Irish peasant who carried his pipe in his hat-band.

Mr. Fuller's account—at second-hand, we presume—of Huxley's crushing reply to Wilberforce at a famous meeting of the British Association, 1860, makes it much more elaborate than the best recorder of the scene, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, in "Reminiscences of Oxford". The criticism of various words offered is interesting, but incomplete. Mr. Fuller states that "impertinent", when it stands for "insolent", has a totally irrelevant meaning. Not quite, perhaps; "insolent" itself at first only meant "unusual". He complains that, having been named James, he could not expect to reach the highest distinction in life, and dilates on the influence of Christian names. If he had been Richard he might—see the beginning of "Northanger Abbey"—have failed to be respectable, and that would have been shocking for a proud descendant, both on the father's and mother's side, of Lewis Le Debonnaire, the son of Charlemagne. The book has enough of permanent value to deserve the index which it possesses.

The idle citizen in the "Spectator" wrote of his pudding: "Mem.—Too many plums, and no suet". This charge might be brought against Mr. Leslie, who in his less than 200 pages is letting off verbal fireworks in a succession of short sentences all the time. Many of them are amusing, and a good proportion of them are new. An Etonian and, later, a member of the college in Cambridge which, like Balliol, is distinguished for intellectual superiority, Mr. Leslie has been to the war, and is still young enough to patronise everything and everybody, including the King. His clever hits and exaggerations are certainly effective, and one need not take his concise and sparkling judgments too seriously. He is distinctly unkind to living celebrities. He begins by suggesting that the aged writers of memoirs have no memories left. The aged might reply that a young man is not accurate in his references to Dickens, Porson, Browning, Kipling. Eton, as we learn, is more concerned with physical glory than with the training which makes for accuracy, nor has it, we may add, a monopoly in neat classical allusion. But such criticism is crushing a butterfly commentator. Mr. Leslie puts us in a good humour at the start with the reminiscences of his grandfather, a wonderful old man. His grandmother, when Lady Cardigan's disgusting memoirs were published, brought up and burned the remainder of the first edition.

Many of Mr. Leslie's good things have already been extracted by an eager Press. Both he and Mr. Fuller

have a story of nerve shown during a collection in church. Mr. Fuller had a relative capable of putting half-a-crown in the plate and withdrawing two shillings. Mr. Leslie credits an American hostess and entertainer of Royalty with the quickest instance of tact he ever saw. Royalty carelessly dropped silver in the plate, and quick as lightning the hostess covered it with gold. Apt, indeed, but it is easy to cover things with gold—and ridicule.

THE GRAND MANNER.

"The Winged Victory." By Sarah Grand. Heinemann 6s. net.

THERE are a hundred different ways of writing fiction—just as there are of constructing tribal lays—and every single one of them is right. Sarah Grand, with her palpable perversity and singularly misplaced cleverness, has chosen one of the few methods that will not pass muster. Clever she is beyond a doubt. The mere tortuous twisting of a story, threadbare in its antecedents, into a long novel of more than 650 closely packed pages would alone prove that. But when it is added that, wittingly or unwittingly—unwittingly, we fear—she gives us in the course of her book the most lifelike essays in imitation of popular novelists, and of some who are more precious than popular, we must admit not only her cleverness, but also her versatility. Here the discerning reader will find Hall Caine at the top of his voice; then some Marie Corelli. A little of Henry James and a great deal of George Meredith, with a dash of the old "Family Herald Supplement" thrown in, and we have some idea of the bewildering hotch-potch presented to us in this novel. Viewed from the standpoint of art, Sarah Grand's book is frankly impossible. It is not only that she disregards all the recognised, if not easily defined, canons of literature, but she does not even play fairly with her reader. Her novel is burlesque when she does not intend it to be burlesque. It is melodrama when she has no idea of being melodramatic. This is not to say that the novel may not be a great popular success. But it is strange that a writer with a sense of humour—and there is humour in the book, although the avowedly comic element is pathetic in its dullness and triteness—should not have perceived the morass into which she was straying.

The story, reduced to its bare elements, would not bear examination. The illegitimate daughter of a duke—a paragon of beauty, a peerless goddess amongst men—unaware of her parentage, is brought to mingle in the great world, which she completely subjugates by her charm. Like her prototype—the Winged Victory—that realisation in marble of a vision of Beauty, Arsinoe, who in 278 B.C. married her brother, Ptolemy II. Philadelphus, she also marries her own brother. It is due to the author to state that she contrives to tell this very unpleasant story without offence, and that, without being a novel to be expressly recommended for young people, it is not one which need come under the ban of parents and guardians. For, apart from other considerations, it is probable that the Young Person will be horribly bored by its long-windedness and its interminable stilted dialogue.

Sophisticated to a degree, it is not yet sophisticated enough. The writer knows too much and too little. She knows, for instance, that men, even grown men, sometimes have an orgy, and that they occasionally drink. But she does not know that no men, drunk or sober, ever behaved or talked as they do in her great

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"man scene". In her conception of men Sarah Grand out-Ouidas "Ouida" in her wildest flights.

And that is where the novel is all wrong. Granted the circumstances and conditions we are invited to presuppose, it is impossible to conceive the characters either acting or talking in the way the author represents. The psychology is all wrong. The men and women are not human. They are freaks—not, perhaps, so much freaks as puppets, in whom it is impossible to believe. There is no illusion. Every now and then it seems that one or other must be galvanised into life by sheer force of circumstance, but the author will not have it so.

BRITAIN THE UNSCIENTIFIC.

"Chemistry in the Service of Man." By Alexander Findlay. Longmans. 5s. net.

THIS book has a somewhat significant origin. It was composed by the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Wales, in the form of lectures which were delivered before the United Free Church College, Aberdeen. For the information of the Southron reader we may say that the audience were theological students. It may not be so necessary to remark that the eminence of its author is a guarantee for the scientific value of its contents. The audience had no claims to chemical knowledge, and, though in an oral lecture some of the descriptions may not have been readily grasped, the reader has an advantage, and there is nothing in the book which is not perfectly intelligible and, more than that, of absorbing interest. The man who is not acquainted with the wonders that modern chemistry has worked is blind to the most effective means on which the prosperity and power of nations depends. Prof. Findlay, as other scientific men are doing nowadays, very earnestly points out that our country has greatly failed in appreciating the conditions for the maintenance of our national position in the world. In 1862, he tells us, the German chemist Hofmann, then a professor in London, prophesied: "England will, beyond question, at no distant day become herself the greatest colour-producing country in the world; nay, by the strangest of revolutions, she may, ere long, send her coal-derived blues to indigo-growing India, her tar-distilled crimsons to cochineal-producing Mexico, and her fossil substitutes for quercitron and safflower to China, Japan, and the other countries whence these articles are now derived." Prof. Findlay's comment is: "But, alas! that prophecy has not been fulfilled, and the industry of synthetic dyes, an industry which, above all others, depends on the fostering and encouragement of chemical research, and on the highest scientific efficiency, has found a home elsewhere, amid more congenial surroundings." It is not necessary to add where that home is. In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 12 August 1916 we published an article showing how the German Government has largely increased the food production of the Empire by science and scientific organisation. Had it done no more than this country has done the German Empire would have been at the end of its food resources long before the second year of the war. What the article does not say, but what Prof. Findlay does, is that the chemical industries on which fertilisers depend, which make it possible to counter-balance the rapid exhaustion of soils under pressure of population, were once England's own, but they also have found a new home—the same home as the others—and for the same reason, that we have not realised the potency of chemistry and science.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Germany versus Civilisation: Notes on the Atrocious War." By William Roscoe Thayer. Constable. 4s. 6d. net.

This book comes from the United States, and it is well that an American scholar and writer of distinction should explain for the world of spectators what Kultur and mendacity have

achieved, the hollow fraud of "William the Peacemaker", and the circumstances which encouraged this ghastly war.

Of special interest are the author's references to the part played by the United States. "The long period of doubt," he says in a Prefatory Note, "over the President's intentions not only stifled American patriotism but greatly encouraged the enemies at work in the United States". The chapter entitled "The Plot to Germanise America" is important as noting the relations between the German-Americans and those of Irish birth. The exposures of German malice and cunning are not so familiar as to create no surprise. But we remind the author that the Germanised scholarship of the United States has inevitably lent support to German ideals.

"The Sinn Fein Rebellion as I Saw It." By Mrs. Hamilton Norway Smith, Elder. 2s. net.

The author is the wife of the Secretary for the Post Office in Ireland, and in the letters here reprinted, which were written for family perusal, gives a good idea of the sudden terrors and anxieties of the rising. "H.", at the beginning of the war, had obtained a military guard, armed, for the G.P.O. When the outbreak occurred it was there, but had no ammunition. It is a shocking story of folly and mismanagement. Some loyal citizens had snipers walking about and talking on their roads. The looting had its amusing side, and humour and tragedy were mixed in strange proportions. Mrs. Norway records the remarks of an old lady after a bad night. "I could not sleep at all. When the guns ceased the awful silence made me so nervous." Evidence is offered of German assistance of the rebels, and we know from a witness who spoke to them that they confidently expected large German reinforcements.

"From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles: A Midshipman's Log." Edited by his Mother. Heinemann. 1s. net.

This is the best shillingworth we have seen for a long time. The writing is surprisingly good, but the mother says that the words are mainly those of her boy, a boy rapidly matured by the dangerous and responsible work of war. To-day a boy learning at Dartmouth, to-morrow on a big ship chasing the Germans, cannonading treacherous ports, rescuing soldiers in the desperate landing of Gallipoli—that would be sufficiently amazing. But this boy leaps as well from his ship when it sinks in a minute or two, swims for life, and is shortly at work again on a torpedo-boat. It is a splendid story, and shows of what stuff our navy—resolute, observant, and untiring—is made.

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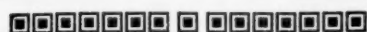
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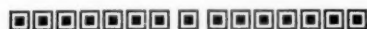
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MR. HERBERT ALLEN, presiding at the Annual General Meeting of the Bibi Eibat Oil Co., Ltd., on Wednesday, said that the company was mainly, but not exclusively, a holding company, their principal asset being their interest in a Russian company of similar name, of which they held the entire share capital of Rs.2,500,000, and of which they were creditors for £82,395. Their liquid resources in London were about £44,000, and they possessed other assets besides. Their share capital was only £237,000, and the Debenture debt had been reduced to £55,000. In 1912 and 1913 the Russian company made profits of Rs.739,522 gross and Rs.400,000 net, but in the next two years there was a loss of Rs.251,964, due largely to the damage done to wells during the strike in 1914. The principal cause of their troubles, however, was the intolerable treatment of the Russian company by the Imperial authorities, who continued to extort a royalty of 40 per cent. of the production, although a Government Commission had recommended that these oppressive royalties should be reduced. It was on the strength of this recommendation that the English company had provided the Russian company with the means of paying a debt of £41,388 to the Russian Government, and only after they had parted with this money—under threatened forfeiture of the properties—had they learnt that the question of granting immunities had been dropped and that the recommendations of the Government Commission were to be ignored. They had parted with their money, if not under false pretences, certainly under false expectations, and with a pistol at their head. For what it was worth they were now petitioning the Ministry, but he would believe in a reduction when they got it. Whilst all this was going on, the Russian company had paid the Government in five years a further 2½ million roubles in royalties. In the last two years they had paid Rs.717,378, or about £35,000 a year, and a profit of Rs.465,414 had thus been turned into a loss of Rs.251,964. They would have been better off had they kept their money and sold the properties for what they would fetch.

Their working expenses were equal to 26.47 copecks per pood, which was increased by the Government royalty to 53.47 copecks, and in face of this the Government had decreed an all-round maximum selling price for crude oil of 45 copecks per pood, treating the Bibi Eibat and similar companies just the same as producers who could work at 10 or 15 copecks and were free from royalties. Another burden they had to bear was increased taxation, but this was due to the war, and they did not complain. Nothing was being done, nor had anything to speak of been done in the last ten or fifteen years, to develop the State Oil Lands, the royalties and conditions imposed being such that the producer would not have the remotest chance of a return on his money. The promising fields which had been opened up in recent years in the Caucasus and the Ural Emba districts were not Government leaseholds, but peasant lands and private freeholds held under conditions attractive to capitalists. The company, independently of the Russian company, held a prospecting licence over 27 acres on the most promising part of the new oilfield at Grosny, almost midway between the immense fountain which had just been brought in by Lianosoffs and the most prolific plots of the North Caucasian Company. Lands in this locality had increased ten to twenty-fold since they acquired their plot two years ago. The year's income amounted to £16,111, and after meeting all outgoings, including the full Debenture service, there was a surplus of £4,509, which, with the balance brought in, enabled them to carry forward £19,532. This was not a paper balance, but hard cash.

It was a subject for congratulation that their liquid assets were all in this country, and that when they spoke of pounds they meant sovereigns—or the modern English equivalent. At the present nominal rate of exchange £44,000 in London was equal to Rs.666,000 in Russia. Reversing the operation, Rs.666,000 in Russia would be valueless over here, so long as the authorities there put a stop on remittances. There had been a good deal in the papers during the last few days about the Russian exchange on London, which they were told had fallen to 15 roubles per pound from the previous rate of 16. As a matter of fact, there was no exchange at all, and whether the rouble was quoted at 1s. 4d. or 1s. 3d. or at any other rate was immaterial; the whole thing was a mockery. The so-called recovery in the Russian exchange was attributed in some quarters to the prospective early opening of the Dardanelles, about which they had heard a lot of childish talk for months past by people who should know better. This, they were told, would release Russia's wheat crop and bring the exchange down with a run, but it seemed to be forgotten that a whole year's exports of Russian wheat would scarcely pay the external War Bill of that country for a month, and it was Russia's imports of war material that were paralysing her exchange. That the opening of the Dardanelles should be precipitated by Rumania's entry into the conflict was a fair assumption, but whether it would be hastened by a month, or a year, or ten years they knew no better to-day than they did a week ago. The only oil industry that would benefit directly by the opening of the Dardanelles was that of Rumania. The interest of the Anglo-Russian oil companies was confined almost entirely to its effect on the exchange value of the rouble. In any event, a lot of water would yet run through the Dardanelles before they were opened to British navigation. The directors hoped in future to hold the general meetings in the spring of the year instead of in the autumn, and if only the Russian company could get reparation from the Government for the wrongs it had so long endured they might start their new practice under more cheerful conditions than those prevailing last year.

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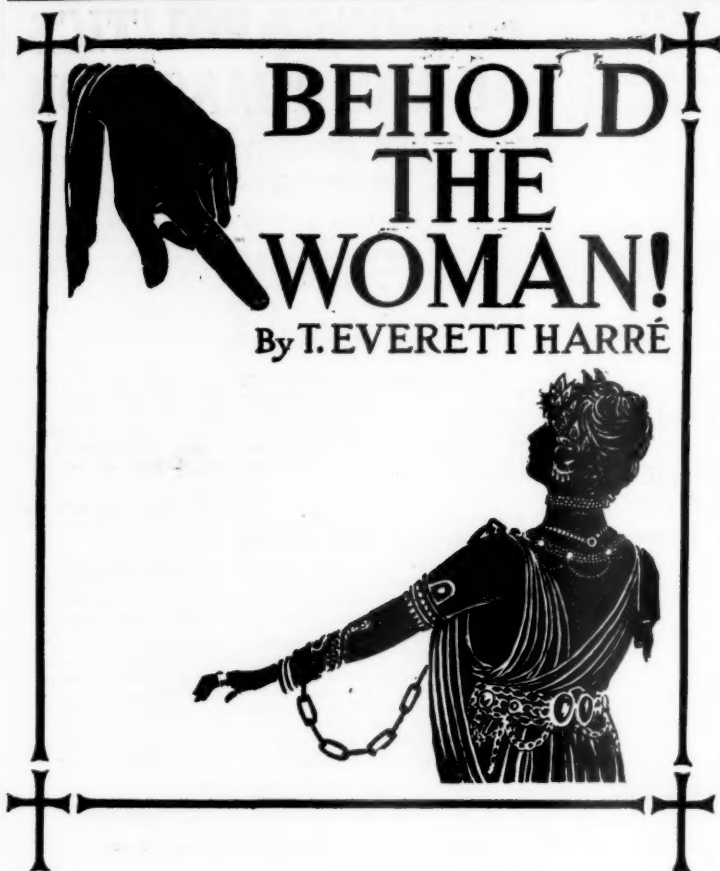
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